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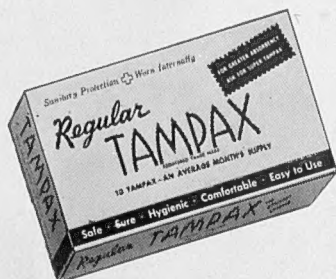
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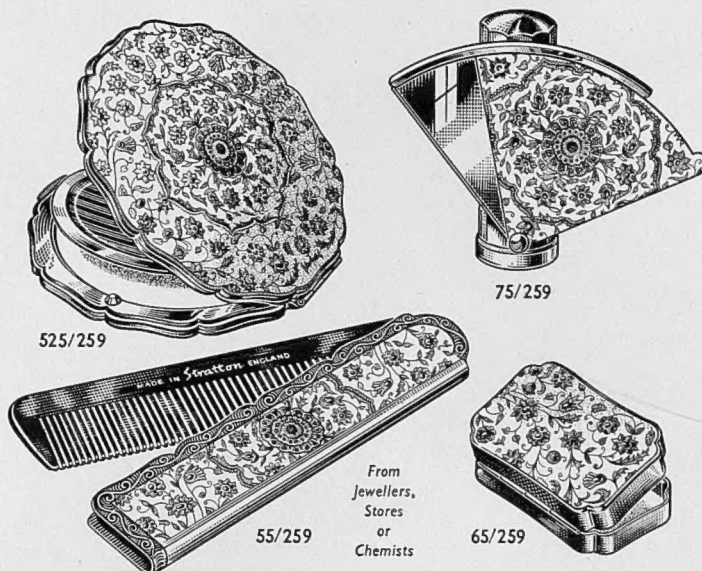
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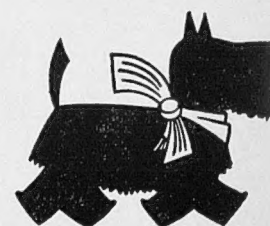
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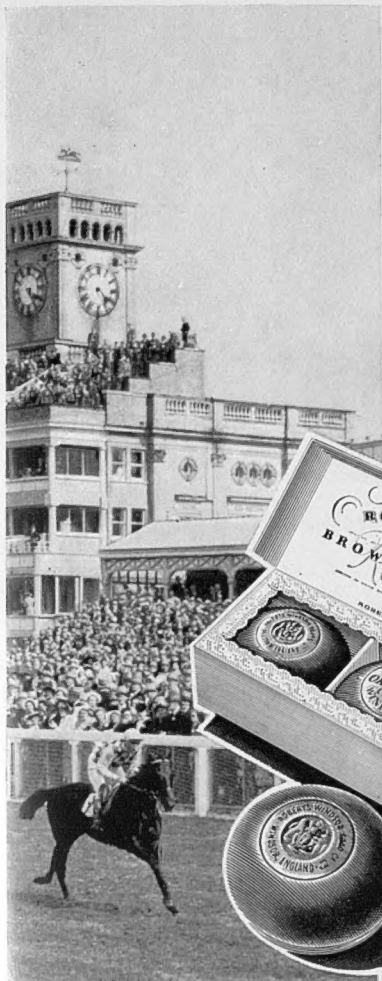
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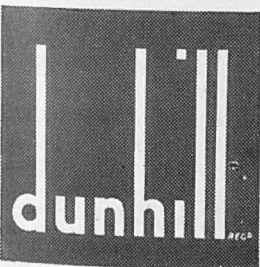
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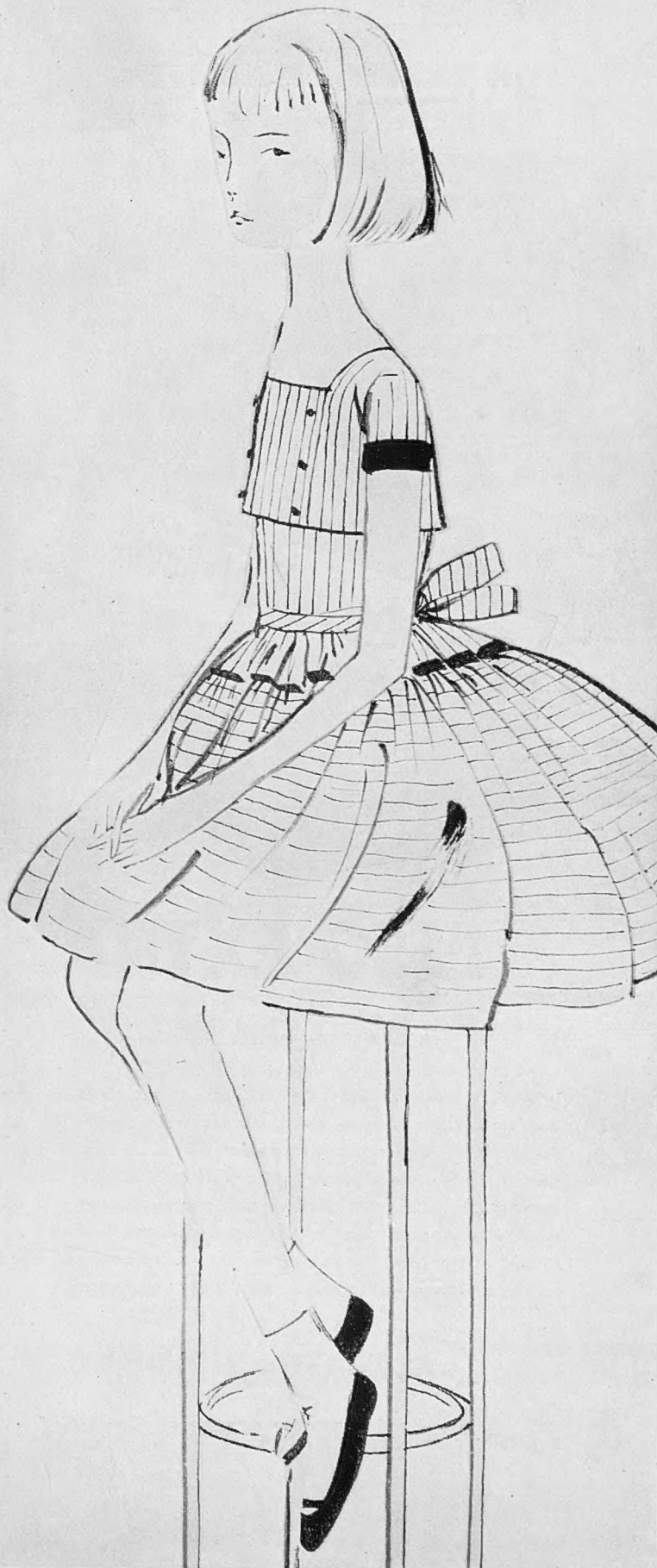
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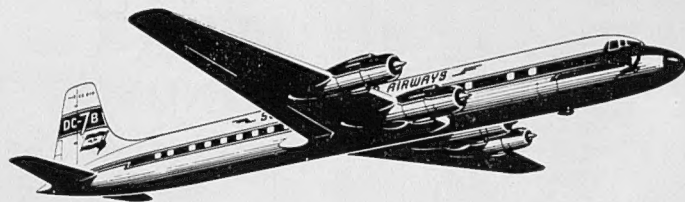
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 23 to May 30



Barry Swaeb

THE HON. MRS. ROBIN CAYZER, whose photograph appears on the cover of *The Tatler* this week, is the wife of Lord Rotherwick's elder son. Before her marriage she was Miss Sarah Jane Slade, the daughter of Mr. Michael Nial Slade and a niece of Sir Alfred Slade, Bt. The Hon. Robin Cayzer is in his family's shipping firm and both he and his wife take a keen interest in the home farm at their house, Bletchington Park, near Oxford. They have two children, a daughter, Robina Jane, who is three this year, and a son, Herbert Robin, born in 1954

May 23 (Wed.) Princess Marie-Louise and Princess Alexandra attend the Navy League Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Chelsea Flower Show open to public (to 25th).
Aldershot Show in the Rushmoor Arena (four days).
First night of *Gigi* at the New Theatre.

Dances: Mrs. Lionel Wigram and Mrs. Brian Buchel for their daughters Miss Denia Wigram and Miss June Ducas at Claridge's.

Mrs. Charles Drage (small dance) for Miss Madeleine Drage, 38 Sheffield Terrace.

Racing at Salisbury (two days).

May 24 (Thur.) Joint Empire Societies' luncheon to celebrate Empire Day at the Mansion House.

Dances: Countess Anthony de Salis and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre for Miss Margaret de Salis and Miss Dorothy Eyre; 6 Stanhope Gate.

Charterhouse Ball in aid of the Charterhouse Mission in Southwark at the Dorchester Hotel.
Racing at Manchester and Salisbury.

May 25 (Fri.) Princess Alexandra visits Plymouth.

Dances: Mrs. Ashton Roskill (small dance) for Miss Susannah Roskill, in London.

N.S.P.C.C. May Ball at the Wentworth Club.

Racing at Manchester (Manchester Cup), and Summer Meeting at Lingfield Park (two days).

May 26 (Sat.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends the Oundle School Quater-centenary celebrations.

London Caledonian Games, White City.

Crickets: M.C.C. v. Australians at Lord's (three days).

Golf: White's Club Tournament at Sandwich (three days).

Racing at Hamilton Park, Lingfield Park and Manchester.

May 27 (Sun.) The Lord Mayor will take the salute before the Old Contemptibles' annual parade and memorial service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

May 28 (Mon.) The Queen unveils the Household Brigade memorial cloister at Wellington Barracks.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends the festival of the Shaftesbury Society, Central Hall, Westminster.

Golf: Amateur Championship at Troon (till June 2).

Croquet: Inter-County Championships at Hurlingham (till June 2).

First night of *As You Like It* at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

Dance: Mrs. Hugh Ryder, the Hon. Mrs. D'Arcy Lambton, and the Hon. Mrs. David Brand for their daughters, Miss Joanna Peto, Miss Lorna Lambton and Miss Jean Brand at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Hamilton Park and Alexandra Park.

May 29 (Tues.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends a festival service of the Friends of St. Paul's at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Private View of the Grenadier Guards Tercentenary exhibition at St. James's Palace (until June 23).

Dances: The Hon. Lady Lowson for Miss Gay Lowson at Claridge's.

Racing at York.

May 30 (Wed.) Prince Philip attends the Cavalcade of Sport at the White City.

Princess Marie-Louise attends a dinner ball in aid of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association at the May Fair Hotel.

First night of *Off The Mainland* at the Arts Theatre.

Dances: The Hon. Lady Stockdale for Miss Anne-Louise Stockdale at the Ironmongers' Hall.

Mrs. Ronald Pelham Burn and Mrs. Theodore Palmers for Miss Flavia Pelham Burn and Miss Evelyn Palmers, 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing at York (Yorkshire Cup) and Windsor.

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Cyril Lindley

With the Percys in their stronghold

THE Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are seen here in the library of Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, with their four children, Earl Percy aged two, and Lady Caroline Percy, Lady Victoria Percy and Lady Julia Percy, whose ages are nine,

seven and five respectively. Before her marriage in 1946, the Duchess was Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, elder daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch. The Duke is a Justice of the Peace and a member of Northumberland County Council

PORTRAIT OF GILLIAN

GILLIAN HARMOOD-BANNER is the younger daughter of Sir George Knowles Harwood-Banner, Bt., and Lady Harwood-Banner, and was born in 1953. She has an elder sister, Susan, two years her senior. This charming photograph was taken by Sir George, who is the third baronet, and succeeded his father Sir Harwood Harwood-Banner in 1950. Her mother is the daughter of Col. M. L. Treston, C.B.E., of S. Rhodesia



Social Journal

Jennifer

A SCINTILLATING DÉBUT

I MOTORED down to Hertfordshire for the magnificent coming-out ball which Lord and Lady Brocket gave at Brocket Hall for their only daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain. Happily it was a lovely evening and everyone was able to enjoy the beauty of this fine house, home of many famous men, which was floodlit. The lake was illuminated, too, and at one point, as you drove up the long drive, you got an impressive picture of the house reflected in the water. To add to this memorable picture some of the fine cedars and other trees had also been cleverly floodlit.

Inside it was just as beautiful. Lord and Lady Brocket have recently redecorated much of the house; this has been carried out with great taste and charm. Vases of exquisite blossom—rhododendrons, lilies and spring flowers, were arranged in profusion in all the rooms where many famous pictures, perfectly lit, adorned the walls. Dancing took place in the ballroom, which has lovely antique mirrors set in the wall. There was plenty of sitting-out room for the guests who numbered about eight hundred, a marquee had been built out for a buffet and bar beyond the

ballroom, and another on the opposite side of the house for a supper room.

Lord Brocket and Lady Brocket, who was in white satin with a diamond tiara and many lovely jewels, had a dinner party of over seventy friends before the ball. Their guests included the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, whom I saw dancing together, the Earl and Countess of Home and their débutante daughter Lady Caroline Douglas-Home, the Marquess of Alcantara, Earl and Countess Ferrers and Lord and Lady Cornwallis, the latter wearing a fine tiara and other lovely jewels with an ice blue and silver dress.

LADY JEAN ZINOVIEFF and her son Mr. L. Charlach Mackintosh, were in the party, also Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Mary Burghley and her débutante daughter the Hon. Angela Cecil, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Lord and Lady Balniel, the young Earls of Suffolk, Clarendon, Bathurst and Brecknock, gay and amusing Viscount Chelsea and his sister Lady Sarah Cadogan, Viscount Pollington and Lord James Crichton-Stuart, whom I later saw dancing with the Hon. Clare Dixon, who looked sweet in a patterned dress.

The Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, who was in blue tulle, looked radiant and was greatly enjoying her wonderful ball, which is certain to be remembered as one of the most brilliant of this season. It was a lovely scene, for every woman seemed to have put on her prettiest dress. All those who possessed a tiara wore one, and most of the older women wore other magnificent jewellery as well.

THE Duchess of Bedford, in steel grey, dancing with her husband, wore a magnificent tiara and necklace, and the Duchess of Norfolk looking attractive in cornflower blue satin, wore her exquisite pearl tipped tiara and lovely jewels. Her débutante daughter Lady Anne Howard, a charming and popular girl, I noticed dancing a lot. She was one of the many young people who stayed quite late. The Countess of Shrewsbury in two shades of pink wore her magnificent heirloom tiara, which is outstanding at any gathering. She gave good news of her husband who is making a steady recovery; this was the first dance Lady Shrewsbury has been to this season as she has hardly left her husband for a day since he was taken ill. Their débutante daughter Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot and their niece

Miss Sadié Heber-Percy, were both dancing.

I saw Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith admiring the beautiful pictures—their two daughters Anne and Elizabeth were at the ball. The Hon. Denis Berry was dancing with his wife; his gay and pretty débutante daughter Miss Susan Berry, who was in a cerise dress, promises to be as great a success as her charming elder sister Barbara, now Mrs. Gilmour.

IN the supper room I saw the Danish Ambassador, M. de Steensen-Leth, whose daughter Anne is a débutante this season, Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson, who looked lovely in white, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, Lady Stewart-Clark, whose daughter Norina was there, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, the latter in a pale blue beaded dress with a diamond tiara and other jewels. They had a dinner party at nearby Camfield Place and brought their party on including her daughter Mrs. Gerald Legge and her husband, Prince Christian of Hanover, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Earl Granville, Miss Julia Stonor and Miss Julia Bartlett.

The older guests I saw included Brig. Derek Schreiber, Col. and Mrs. Walter Bromley Davenport, Viscountess Maitland, Lord and Lady Remnant and their son the Hon. James Remnant whose pretty wife was one of the very young marrieds wearing a tiara, Lord and Lady Chesham, Mr. John Marnan, Q.C., the Rt. Hon. Richard Maudling, M.P., and Mrs. Maudling, Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley and Col. and Mrs. Foster Greenwood. Among other young people dancing I noticed Miss Pamela Weeks, Mr. Bruno Schroder, Lady Philippa and Lady Jane Wallop, Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Mr. Anthony Butterwick, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Lady

Mary Maitland, Mr. Peter Glossop, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, and Miss Patricia Knight, a pretty girl who enjoys all the parties; her mother the Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight is giving a coming-out dance for her in London in the autumn. Also Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Mr. Jamie Judd, and Miss Sally Hall who shared a most successful débutante cocktail party the following evening with Miss Gaynor Tregoning in Belgrave Square.

Pictures of the ball will be found on pages 426-7.

LADY ABERCONWAY gave a delightful party at her lovely eighteenth-century house in North Audley Street to mark the inauguration of the Renoir Foundation. This has been formed as an international organization to raise funds for the acquisition of Renoir's house and garden at Cagnes-sur-Mer, as a memorial to him, and to enable painters of every nationality to go there and work.

This party also marked the opening of the Renoir Exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery in Bond Street, which will remain open until June 23. Here are fifty paintings by Renoir from European collections, thirty-five of these have never been seen in London before. They include a number painted during the twenty years when Renoir, for the sake of his health, spent every winter at Cagnes. Several of them show the buildings and the garden of his home, Les Collettes, which the Renoir Foundation has been established to acquire.

Lady Aberconway is chairman of the English Committee and guests at the party were able to enjoy looking at her own very fine French Impressionist paintings, formerly in the Courtauld Collection. Supporters of the Renoir Foundation include nearly everyone of note in the world of art.

[Continued overleaf]



Desmond O'Neill

Party in Belgravia

MRS. ROGER HALL and Mrs. W. L. Tregoning gave a very successful cocktail party at 6 Belgrave Square for their daughters, Miss Sally Hall and Miss Gaynor Tregoning (above), who are both making their debuts this season

Miss Elizabeth Thompson talking to Mr. Vivian Esch



Miss Christina Stobart, Mr. Mark Evans and Miss Mona Mitchell



Miss Gillian Gosling with Miss Susan Hopton-Scott



Mr. Cedric Gunnery was talking to Miss Susie Hennessy



Miss Anne Peto-Bennett, Mr. W. L. Tregoning and Mr. Denys Reed



Miss B. Bristowe, Mr. E. Russell and Miss Zoe Spyro-Milio



A May Fair for Charity

MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (right) opened a May Fair in aid of United Charities at Londonderry House. With her were Mrs. D. Reid-Tweedie, Lady Templer and Lady Osborn, who was chairman of the event



Mrs. Rita Fenwick, Mrs. Georgina M. Clarkson, the artist, and Mrs. Katherin Stewart



Miss D. Adzemovic, Mrs. C. R. Wheeler, Lady Kirkpatrick and Miss K. Luce

Among the guests at Lady Aberconway's reception were Viscount and Viscountess Esher, the German Ambassador Herr von Herwarth, Miss Hariette Cohen, Mr. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Brand, Lord and Lady Radcliffe—he was one of the collectors who had generously lent pictures—Sir John Rothenstein, the Director of the Tate Gallery, Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Robert Morley, Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset, Sir Alec Martin, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Mr. Benedict Nicolson, the honorary treasurer, and M. Philippe Gangnat who, as a child, had known Renoir's family and his house at Cagnes, his father having been a great personal friend of the artist. M. Gangnat had lent a number of very important paintings to the Exhibition.

★ ★ ★

THE lovely young Duchess of Northumberland, wearing a light turquoise blue faille dress with a matching stole and a magnificent diamond tiara, was the guest of honour, representing Queen Charlotte, at this year's Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball for the Débutantes. This annual affair which takes place at Grosvenor House is one of the highlights of every young girl's season. It is always a lovely spectacle and originated in the eighteenth century from Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at St. James's.

Queen Charlotte, who was the wife of George III, and mother of George IV and William IV, liked on her birthday (for which there was a ball each year at St. James's Palace) to be surrounded by her family and maids of honour. It was the custom to have her birthday cake, with its lighted candles, brought in to her to the music of the march from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*—the same music that is used at the ball today.

This warm-hearted queen was the first influential lady to take a personal and practical interest in poor women. Queen Charlotte's Hospital, the first women's hospital, was therefore named after her, and it is a charming idea that the delightful ritual of her birthday party is re-enacted each year at a ball, the proceeds of which always before 1948 went to Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Since maintenance costs of hospitals have been borne by government funds, the money raised at the ball goes to the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's and Chelsea Hospitals for the welfare of patients and staff of the Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital and Chelsea Hospital for Women; and the maintenance of independent research work at Queen Charlotte's.

MARGHERITA, Lady Howard de Walden, a charming and very capable personality, was once again president of the ball. In the morning Lady Howard de Walden, with Mrs. Khan, the secretary of the ball, presided very firmly over the rehearsal of the girls who were to take part in the procession and cake-cutting ceremony that evening.

It is now not possible to include all the débutantes who come to the ball (well over three hundred in recent years) in this ritual, so that the girls who drew in the cake and curtseyed to the guest of honour, balloted for the privilege. Last year they were cut down to sixty, but this year they had about a hundred and twenty. The Duchess of Northumberland sat at the president's table and Lady Howard de Walden's other guests for dinner included the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor, the Hon. David and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore, Mr. "Timmy" Egerton, chairman of Coutt's Bank, her son, Lord Howard de Walden, and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. S. Orloff who brought out her daughters Marina last year and Tatiana the year before. The younger guests at the

president's table included Lady Clarissa Duncombe, the Hon. Alice Jolliffe, Miss Mary Howard, Miss Teresa Waugh, eldest daughter of novelist Evelyn Waugh, Mr. Ronnie Lindsay, Mr. Denis Hervey, Mr. Ian Graham, Mr. Robin Gage, the Hon. John Jolliffe and the President's grandson, Mr. Hugh Lindsay.

NUMEROUS family parties were there, and many joined up with other families to have a joint party of sixteen or twenty. This ball is always a lovely sight as, with practically every girl in a white dress and long white gloves, they look so young and fresh. Among the girls at this year's ball were Lady Caroline Douglas-Home, Miss Serena Fass, Miss Gillian Adams, Miss Teresa Head, Miss Maya Whittall who was in Mrs. Donald Fraser's party and dancing with Prince Alexander (Romanov) of Russia, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, the Hon. Frances Phillimore, Miss Sara Oldfield whose parents Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield joined up with a party of friends including Baroness Ravensdale, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harris, and their daughter Jessica, Miss Patricia Baring and Miss Dawn Johnston-Houghton, an attractive girl who is making her début this year.

Also present were Lady Christina McDonnell, Lady Mary Maitland whose grandmother the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale is giving a dance for her at Thirlestane Castle, Berwickshire in September, Miss Tessa Kaye, a very pretty girl, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, and Miss Jill Gosling who were in a big party with Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas whose mother Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes gave a very gay cocktail party for her at the Cavalry Club the following evening. Other young girls who were present with their escorts were the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay, those very attractive twin sisters Miss Ann and Miss Clare Cobbold, Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield who is sharing her coming-out dance at the Guards Club in June with Miss Serena Fass, and Miss Caroline Dugdale who is having a dance in the autumn. Other débutantes at this Queen Charlotte's Ball who are having their own coming-out dances in the autumn were Miss Carol Thubron, Miss Elizabeth Thoresen, Miss Lavinia Buxton, Miss Lucinda De Salis, Miss Belinda Gilmer, Miss Fiona Fender, Miss Caroline Hill and Miss Jane Ferguson, whose mother, Mrs. John Ferguson is giving a dance for her at Claridge's on October 23.

★ ★ ★

CHESTER Race Week each May is one of the most social, and in a way intimate, race meetings of the whole season. There may not be the pomp and glamour of Ascot or the summer holiday-garden party spirit of Goodwood, but there is a tremendously friendly air about the meeting and everyone in the district for miles around entertains during that week. Added to this the racing is always extremely interesting, very often giving those present a line for the Derby and other important races.

Another feature are the huge 50-lb. Cheshire cheeses which go with a magnificent trophy to the owner of the winner, and placed horses in the Chester Cup. This year, the winner was the Begum Aga Khan's Golovine, so one cheese will very probably make the journey to their villa in the South of France!

The two biggest house parties for the meeting are now usually at Knowsley in adjacent Lancashire where the Earl and Countess of Derby entertain a party of friends, and at Croxteth where the Earl and Countess of Sefton have a house party also. Viscount and Viscountess Leverhulme had, as usual, their older friends including Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bowring staying, also two young friends of their

Van Hallan

attractive débutante daughter, the Hon. Susan Lever. These were Lady Anne Nevill, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes who has an enchanting *joie de vivre* and perfect manners, and Miss Zandra Seely who has her coming-out dance on Derby night. Among others who had house parties were Mr. David and the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, whose guests included the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont, Major Basil Kerr, chairman of the racecourse, and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead and Mrs. Williams who motored over from Denbighshire each day, Major and Mrs. Dick Verdin, whose guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Fife, and the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, who recently won the Two Thousand Guineas with Gilles De Retz.

At this meeting there are very comfortable reserved seats in the members' enclosure; from here you can not only watch the racing in comfort, but also see the horses parade in the paddock. Plans are in hand, too, I heard, for some new buildings in the paddock before next year. Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby were there to see their nice filly Fairy Grove, trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, win the Cheshire Oaks. Lord Plunket was there to see his filly Whirlwind, trained by Mr. Jeremy Tree, run in the same race—alas, without success. The Earl of Derby came for a short while on the first day to see his nice two-year-old filly Wake Up win the Oulton Stakes. On the final day he was delighted to see his colt Admiral Byrd carry his colours to victory in the last race.

The Countess of Derby, always looking very chic and neat, was racing each day. Friends with her included Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, Lord Belper, Sir Randle Feilden, and Mrs. Charles Mills wearing very nice tweeds. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby and Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch were sitting at the other side of the stand with the Earl and Countess of Sefton. In the paddock I saw the Duchess of Westminster talking to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Smyley and Sir Adrian Jarvis who had three runners including an exceptionally good-looking two-year-old Flaneur who won his first race, the Lily Agnes Foal Stakes on the last day. If all goes well with him, it looks as if he might win at Ascot.

Others included Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Owen, Sir Watkin and Lady Williams-Wynn, Lord and Lady Mostyn, Mr. Myles Clark, Sir Edward and Lady Hanmer, Mr. Tom Blackwell and his very pretty wife, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Kenyon, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Hotham, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wilbraham, Lady Anne Holland Martin looking charming in pink tweeds, Doreen Marchioness of Linlithgow in a warm yellow top coat, Lord and Lady Hothfield, Mr. and Mrs. William Clegg who are getting ready for a busy season at the Pitt House Country Club at Bembridge, which is one of the most comfortable places to stay at the sea, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke on their way to race at Ayr, the Hon. Jim Philipps, Brig. Mainwaring, the Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire, and Mrs. Mainwaring, the Earl of Rosebery, a steward at the meeting, and the Countess of Rosebery who flew up on the final day.

One evening we motored over to Llanrwst in Denbighshire to dine at the seventeenth-century coaching house called Pen-y-Bont Inn, beside the salmon fishing River Conway. This inn is run by Cdr. and Mrs. G. R. Hindley-Smith, who have raised the standard of cooking to something seldom found in England. A really delicious dinner, with "chicken Pen-y-Bont" as the chief speciality, was served in a candlelit dining-room with beautifully kept silver on the table like a private house.



Mrs. Edward Sutro, appeal committee chairman, and Mr. Hugh Downie



Viscountess Astor, chairman of the ball, and Lord Willoughby de Eresby

DANCERS IN MASKS

THE Mask and Dagger Ball was held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Central School of Speech and Drama Building Fund. The many guests, some wearing masks, included distinguished members of the acting profession



Miss Anna Cropper, Mr. Ivo Bondy, Miss Shuna Black and Mr. John Baker were among the guests



*A. V. Swaeb
Mr. D. Hudson was here with Miss Julia Leicester*



Miss Susan Clifford-Turner and Mr. Peter Moffat



With the birthday cake. The Hon. Alice Jolliffe, Miss Annabel Asquith, Miss Alison Bradford and Miss Ann Johnson

Miss Alison Bradford and Mr. Kenneth Kleinwort

Miss Caroline Cholmeley Harrison and Miss Gay Lowson

YOUNG GIRLS DANCE AT HISTORIC BALL

THE Duchess of Northumberland was guest of honour and cut the cake at the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, great highlight of the season's debutante events. Some 120 young girls, who had balloted for the privilege, took part in the historic ceremony of curtsying to the cake, and were a lovely and graceful sight in their white dresses. Margherita Lady Howard de Walden is the very capable president of the event, which dates back to the reign of George III. Jennifer describes the ball on page 412



Mr. Timothy Renton, Miss Felicia Guepin and Miss Fiona Muir

Major N. Macpherson, Mrs. Macpherson and Miss Jean Macpherson

The Hon. Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore, Lord Howard de Walden and the Duchess of Northumberland



Above: Viscountess Maitland and Sir Edmund Stockdale. Below: Miss M. Drage and Mr. F. Dalgety

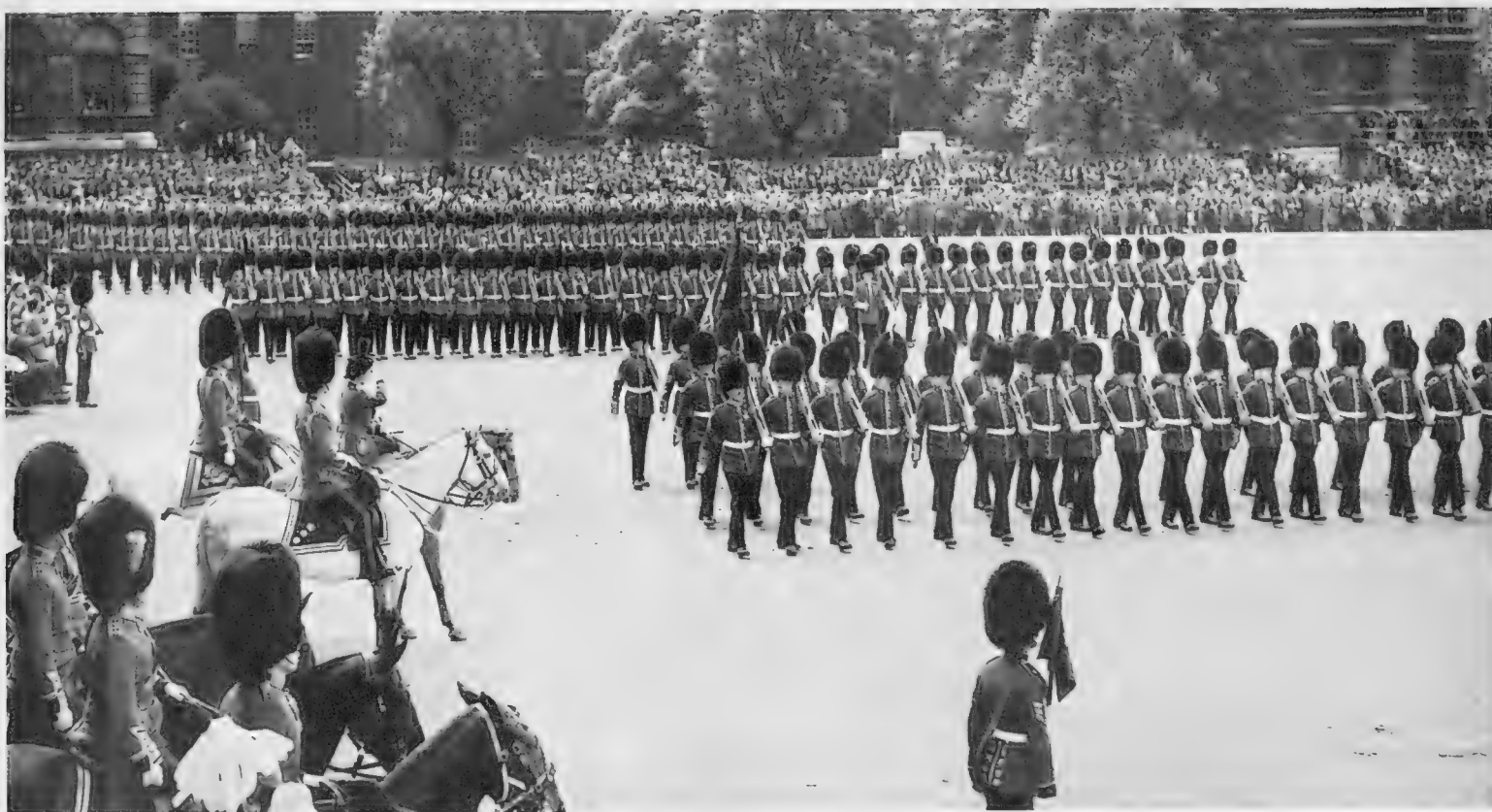


Miss Felicity and Miss Penelope Drew leading the maids of honour

Miss Sonia Avory, Miss Ann Riddle and Miss Alison Cummings



Miss Elizabeth Hodson, Miss Gillian Duckworth, Miss Felicity North and Miss Anne Leonard



The Queen takes the salute during the Trooping the Colour ceremony on her official birthday, which this year is May 31

"WITH A TOW-ROW-ROW- ROW-ROW-ROW . . ."

PETER DICKINSON throws some sidelights on the history of the Grenadier Guards, who celebrate their Tercentenary this year. An historical Exhibition opens in St. James's Palace on May 30

NOT that "The British Grenadier" has much more to do with the Grenadier Guards, on the occasion of their great anniversary, than being one of their marches, nor that the authorities, judging by my drill-book (1802), really approve of marches:

"The use of MUSICK or DRUMS to regulate the march is absolutely forbid. . . . They never persevere in the ordered time or in any other, are constantly changing measure, create noise, derange the equality of step, and counteract the very end they are supposed to promote."

But it is hard to think of a phrase more suitable than that of my headline to celebrate a military tercentenary.

The First Regiment of Foot Guards received its present title after the battle of Waterloo, as a recognition of their encounter with the Grenadiers of Napoleon's Imperial Old Guard; late in the afternoon, when the regiment had endured a day-long cannonade with intervals of heavy fighting, Napoleon ordered his finest troops, carefully kept fresh throughout the day, to break the British centre. As they came up the hill in thick implacable columns, their bearskins making them loom inhumanly tall through the smoke, the regiment lay on the ground, a short way behind the ridge, in a four-deep line.

When the French reached the top of the hill they halted in astonishment, seeing nothing to oppose them; then the Guards rose, apparently out of the ground, and poured into them such a fire that they wavered and broke, the Guards charged and brushed them down the hill, and the general advance began. This scene is portrayed in one of the six spirited dioramas which are part of the Tercentenary Exhibition: this will be on view at St. James's Palace from May 30 to June 23.

I WENT to see Major Hamilton-Dalrymple, who is running the exhibition from a tiny room in Wellington Barracks: he says he has been almost overwhelmed with material. He wrote, first of all, to anyone who might have something useful, but colonel has muttered to colonel from the depths of a chair in the club, and all sorts of offers have floated in, so that there is a surprising breadth of interest in the resulting exhibition. It includes, besides portraits and battle scenes by Reynolds, Zoffany, Ramsay and Hogarth, fascinating oddments like the two large silver bottles which, slung full of claret on a pack mule, followed Marlborough from Blenheim to Malplaquet, gurgling happily to the tune of "*Malbrook s'en va l' en guerre*"; then there is the Duke of Wellington's austerer campaigning silver; and, easily holding its own among a hundred other quirks of military history, the Golden Book of the Guilde Royale St. Sebastian de Bruges, which has an entry signed by Charles II when he swore to pay a death debt of 1,000 écus.

One thing which is solidly lodged in the public mind is that the Guards are the smartest brigade in the world. A whole section of the exhibition is devoted to propounding and explaining this tenet. While I was in Wellington Barracks the R.S.M. appeared holding the uniform of a Victorian drummer boy which someone, unconnected with the regiment, had brought up from Norwich on the offchance that it would be useful. The major and the R.S.M. looked at it with the curious sad expression, more commonly seen on the faces of lepidopterists in



The Gordon Riots, which the Grenadiers had a hand in suppressing in 1780

Amazonian jungles, of a collector being offered a specimen that he already has.

The uniform of the regiment has developed in an even and logical manner, neither dogged by the rigid conservatism of the War Office nor harassed by the whims of innovators; even George IV, who tried to put the Navy into skin-tight cherry-coloured breeches, and succeeded in dressing some cavalry regiments in such a way that they could not reach their side arms with either hand, only managed to make two fiddling alterations to the uniform of his First Regiment of Foot Guards. Perhaps they were smart enough for him already; the uniform at this time was provided by stopping a penny in the shilling from every man's pay, and the colonel arranging for a civilian contractor to provide new uniforms. This system was reckoned to be worth about £200 a year clear to the colonel (the Paymaster General (until 1771) also took a five per cent cut). It is significant that the only suggestion of organized disobedience in three hundred years occurred when the contractor provided waistcoats cut from last year's coats.

An order, dated 1735, that "Any soldier for the future that comes to the parade with two shirts on . . . or changes his linen on guard, shall receive one hundred lashes," sounds oddly in modern ears, but there is a more familiar note about a detail of parade of two years later: "The men to appear perfectly clean and shaved, square-toed shoes, gaiters, their hats well cocked and worn so low as to cover their foreheads, and raised behind, with their hair tucked well under and powdered, but none on their shoulders, the point of their hats pointing a little to the left, their arms perfectly clean."

I SUPPOSE that there are at this moment the recruits of a fresh draft at Caterham; every evening they sit across their beds with all their equipment piled in front of them; the barrack-rooms are long and drab; under the eye of their trained soldier they blanco the immaculate and polish the already glittering in an ecstasy of boredom, as though there did not exist, beyond the camp, the whispering evenings of early summer. It might be some comfort to them to think that powder must have shown up on the shoulders of a red coat even more staringly than a spot of brass polish does on blanded webbing.

As I left Wellington Barracks, a rehearsal for Trooping the Colour was in progress, with red-coated Guardsmen paraded as orderly as tulips, waiting for an officer; in the park the children's swings creaked like an axle tree, and outside Buckingham Palace the sentries went through their slow-motion knees-up-mother-Brown routine. It seemed sad that there was so much that no exhibition of regimental history could ever recapture. I do not hanker after a record of what the Duke of Wellington did say when he is supposed to have said "Up, Guards, and at 'em," but I would like to have one of a drill sergeant shouting, so as to be audible above the jar of cannon and the confused cries of orderlies, some of the early words of command. In those days the movements of the parade ground were a precise rehearsal for the contingencies of battle, and troops' survival might depend on the speed and sureness with which they obeyed a command like "By subdivisions, on the left, backward wheel." It would be pleasant, too, to have a record of the half-yearly ringing of the bells of St. Margaret's, Westminster, when the guards changed their billets; I just want to hear them, and not to know whether this was done to signify the honour their new landlords felt in receiving them or the joy of the old ones of getting rid of them.

ANOTHER thing which is inevitably missing is a documentary film of the Aextramural activities of the Regiment. They helped to try to extinguish the Fire of London and the Gordon Riots; they kept order round polling booths at the rowdier elections; they were detailed in 1728 to stop the poaching that was going on in the royal preserves at Enfield Chase; they used to accompany Charles II to Newmarket and George III sea-bathing (a band used to play "God Save The King" while His Majesty was in the sea, though I have not been able to find out whether this was done by the band of the First Foot Guards, any more than I can discover whether commoners who happened to be in the sea while it was being played were supposed to tread water). In their early years detachments were told off to act as Marines whenever the Fleet put to sea; and, during the Napoleonic wars, they managed to do their stint of fox-hunting in every country they fought in, including Sicily.

Lastly, I would like to see the picture of the Guards that exists firmly established in the public mind. It would be one of those fashionable half-surrealist *montages*, a paste up of brightly-coloured scraps of memory and imagination: blobs of red against a subfusc crowd along some royal route; officers *à la* Osbert Lancaster, the peaks of their caps almost covering their moustaches; smartness in the squalor of trenches or the misery of retreat; more officers, dandies of the days when a captain in the Guards could count on six months' leave in the year; a small figure on the far side of a parade ground imposing his voice and will on terrified recruits; innumerable scraps of pageantry; and in the background, three hundred years' of the tradition of excellence, going back to the days when Charles II, a king without a kingdom, raised a regiment in Flanders to invade this island.

I would like to have seen those exiles drilling, watched by the natives with typical Flemish phlegm; there is another familiar note in the fact that it was months before they could get any proper arms or ammunition.



Two great commanders under whom the Grenadiers won glory, the Duke of Marlborough (above), and the Duke of Wellington, depicted at Waterloo where the regiment played a decisive part. Their name immortalizes their heroic conduct in this great battle



Miss Angela Copus and Miss Ann Garratt with the latter's horse, Kerry Boy



Mrs. G. A. Murray-Smith and Mrs. Peter Robeson

A joint event at Melton

THE Quorn Hunt and the Royal Army Veterinary Corps held their first horse show at Melton Mowbray recently, and there was an entry of over two hundred competitors in the various hunter and jumping events. The Working Hunter Championship of the Midlands was won by Miss A. Smith-Maxwell on Coollattin

Mr. Peter Robeson, one of our most classic riders, competing in the Open event on the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Albany Street

Desmond O'N



Miss Caroline Levy with Mrs. M. Everitt who was riding Golden Rain



Miss Mary Barnes with her good jumper Cortina



Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell on Coollattin won a major event



Mr. Hubert Glenn and Miss Phyllis Prior-Wandesford

The Dublin Spring Show

THE Spring Show, held in the Dublin Society's beautiful grounds at Ballsbridge, drew crowds from all over Ireland, who came to inspect the entries in this forerunner of Dublin's great summer show. Among the attractions was a display by the Louth hounds in the enclosure



Miss Penny Moreton riding Tullira



The Hon. Mrs. Hercules Langrishe, Miss Sara Mansfield and Capt. Hercules Langrishe

Mr. William T. Doig, Sir Raymond Grace, who is the sixth baronet, and Mrs. Doig



Viscountess de Vesci and Mr. I. H. Lamb, one of the judges

The Hon. Diana Carew with prizewinner Handsome Gift



Charles C. Fennell
Mr. A. N. Reynolds presenting a first to Merwyn Brown



Miss Heather Bailey whose Guernsey won a first

A FUTURE BALLERINA

ANYA LINDEN is one of the most promising of the younger members of the Sadler's Wells ballet. In this present season she has danced for the first time several of the more difficult rôles in *Symphonic Variations*, *Coppelia* and *Giselle*, all of them test pieces for any young dancer



John Baker

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

THIS year the lilac tree bloomed in my little Islington garden, and the sight and the smell of its pale purple blossom reminded me of the other London house I once lived in where lilac bloomed—colour and scent and London grime all combining to recall a house and a garden that don't exist any more, where even City trees bloomed under a hot sun, in that lovely early summer just before France fell, and the German armour clattered into Paris.

That year, I lived in what was said to be the oldest dwelling-house in the City of London, a house old enough, at any rate, to have seen the Great Fire lick up its neighbours. Number 10, Nevill's Court was its address—a seventeenth-century house, in a garden with a lilac tree, set in an alley only arms' length wide, its entrance a mere crack in the hoardings of Fetter Lane.

Each time I went home, in the bright sunshine of those long days of 1940, or in

the warm, blacked-out nights, after dancing, somewhere, to "J'Attendrai" or "Boum!" I would vanish from the sight of passers-by, I remember, between a faded advertisement for bottled coffee and the bang up-to-date bill of some West End music hall where somebody, surely, in those days, must have been singing, "Run, Rabbit, Run!" or "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones." And to go home like that, like someone in a trick film, or a pantomime, would have been fascinating, even had the house been as new as an air-raid shelter.

NOT that it was age itself and alone, that pleased me in my panelled rooms in the little house: my rooms at Oxford must have been at least a century older. For it isn't age itself, but the people who have lived in it that give a house its air. Though I dismissed the story of a Fleet Street tavern acquaintance that Nell Gwyn had slept there as having no more authority than his own fond imaginings

Some, though, of those who had lived there, who had slipped through these rooms anonymously into the past—some had left sly hints behind. They had scratched with diamonds on my window-panes.

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MY sitting-room had two tall sash windows, side by side, each with twenty-four panes of glass, and one of the windows was sedate enough: an initial or two, some aimless scratchings, and the signature of Chas. Goodger. Chas. had written his uneuphonious name, just like that, and added the date, 1812.

Eighteen-twelve! An upstart, yesterdayish sort of date to go scratching on windows as old as these! It was the other window that I looked at more than I looked out of—even at the lilac tree in the dusty garden. For there were initials and scribbles there, too, and over one pane, especially, I would puzzle, day and night.

Across it was deeply scored, in a clear but elaborate eighteenth-century hand, with flourishes and curly capitals, and one letter "s" shaped like an "f," the cryptically encouraging, "Press the fond Love."

DID some despairing young man spend a lonely evening thus, scoring heavily on the glass with his diamond, and screwing up his courage? Or was it the adoration of some patched and powdered minx to a laggard lover who had lived there? Was "press" figurative: had he to press his suit? Or had he to be taught the more practical lesson that a brocaded arm should take a lady's waist? Did "fond" mean "loving," or did it mean merely "foolish?" It might have been a line from some forgotten verse, and so forgiven, but another writer on the window-pane had taken a sterner view, for written there, too, was the one word, "wonton," misspelt like that, and with a bold, condemnatory twist to the tail of the "n." Perhaps it was written by a moralist who knew the whole shocking story; perhaps he only guessed, as I still do. Perhaps he was a disappointed lover himself, in the same little romance that had been played out in that very room of mine. We shall never know. I am sure that my Fleet Street friend would have said that Nell Gwyn had written the bold words, and it is true that "Press the fond Love" might well have been Nell's motto. So, too, might "wonton." But this handwriting was of a later date, I think, and Nell, in any case, though she would have approved the sentiment, couldn't write.

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IN that first year of the war I had a man in to do some work on the roof, and he showed me one of the great roof-beam nails, and said, "Look at that: hand-made and not a speck of rust. That roof's as sound as a bell. Built to last, this house. . . ."

"Well," I said, "it's lasted three hundred years."

"It'll last another three hundred," said the builder. "You can bet your boots on that."

He proved to be wrong by a little more than two hundred and ninety-nine.

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FOR the first three weeks of the raids the house stood firm, though bombs fell in Holborn and in Chancery Lane. Then I was sent away by my paper to Plymouth, as correspondent with the destroyer flotilla that was beating up and down the Channel to watch for an invasion. Whenever I came ashore I would put in a routine call to my paper, and on one such night the chief sub-editor told me, with sympathetic noises, that there'd been the devil and all of a raid the night before—"you're safer at sea, I can tell you"—and that he had bad news for me: my house had gone.

It was three days before I could get back to London to salvage my belongings—three days to lament my books and my clothes and my furniture, as well as "Press



THE HON. DAVID BOWES-LYON is the brother of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and a son of the fourteenth Earl of Strathmore. He is a very keen gardener and is President of the Royal Horticultural Society, whose great annual Flower Show at the Chelsea Hospital is open to the public today and for the next two days. He lives at St. Paul's Waldenbury, Hitchin, and is H.M. Lieutenant of the County of Hertford

the fond Love" and the shade of wanton Nellie. And then I discovered that the house hadn't gone at all. It had been hit, all right; there was a hole in the roof and in the ceiling of my room, and the A.F.S. had had to break in, but they had put out the incendiary before it had got a hold, and there was little more than water-damage.

A couple of months later, the firemen were at work in Nevill's Court again. I was living in a friend's flat while the hole in the roof was mended, and when I was sent off to some home-based air force operation I hadn't time to look in at Nevill's Court on the way.

It was the night of December 29, 1940,

HOW'S THIS?

Let all those so minded
Take ball and take bat,
Play back and hit out and
Run this way and that,
While snug in my hammock
I lazily swing
And pay my due homage
To Pillow the King.

—Prendergast

the second great fire of London, when thousands of incendiaries fell in the heart of the City, and St. Paul's was ringed with fire. An agency reporter was in the little alley, and the firemen told him that Number 10 hadn't a chance; it was the one house not yet alight, but there was nothing to stop the flames from reaching it. That was enough for the reporter: he knew it was an historic house, and he looked it up in the reference books, and wrote its obituary. So many historic buildings went that night, that the censor passed all such stories without the usual delay, and in the air force mess I was visiting I read in the next evening's paper:

One of the oldest houses in Nevill's Court, built in 1664, was a victim of the Nazi raiders last night. It had survived the Great Fire of 1666. The houses in Nevill's Court are the only ones in the City of London which have front gardens, and Number 10 . . . had claims to being the oldest inhabited house in the City.

I SUPPOSE I showed off a bit to my uniformed hosts: we civilians, I made it boringly clear, could take it. And it wasn't till I got back to London that I learned that again I had wrung my hands too soon: the wind had changed that night, while the reporter was writing his story, and the house still lived—though those on either side were gutted. It was the toughest house in London.

I dumped my gear in my friend's flat and went round next day to pay my respects. . . . "Can't go up there, sir," said a policeman, and I showed him my press pass. "All right," he said, "but there's a new fire broken out in Nevill's Court; don't get too close. Went up all on its own, this lunchtime; caught fire from some of that smouldering rubble next door."

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So it wouldn't be bombed and it wouldn't—not in the course of two Great Fires—it wouldn't be burned. Not till it burst into flames of its own accord, as though everything had become, all of a sudden, too much to put up with. I watched it for a sad but admiring quarter of an hour, as the flames roared out of its windows, where "Press the fond Love" was written, and licked up the fine wooden staircase to reach the cream-painted panels and the oak roof-beams. Then I went back to my office to write what was to be the first properly authenticated obituary notice: I headed it "Gone at Last," and as the story had been told before, and published, I didn't think it my duty to submit it to censorship.

Next day, Number 10, Nevill's Court was a heap of bricks and ashes, spilled into the little garden, where the lilac tree still lived, and my story in the *Manchester Guardian* was the only one in any newspaper: all the others had submitted their stories to censorship, and the censor had imposed a delay.

The last thing Number 10 had done for me was to give me an exclusive story, and I remembered the whole of it in Islington, the other day, under a dusty lilac.



Young riders' test in the New Forest

THE New Forest Hunts Branch of the Pony Club held horse and pony trials over an exacting course at Beaulieu, an exceptional performer being Madeleine Williamson, who won the dressage, cross country and show jumping. Above: Miss Caroline Campbell on Sweet Briar

Photographs by Victor Yorke



Giles Rowsell, Pru Rowsell and Miss Lavinia Coryton

Michael Robbins and Susan Clare

Susan Barber and Heather Gjertsen

Miss Dorothy Barker on Quicksilver



THE BERKELEY 'CHASES

A POINT-TO-POINT was held by the Berkeley Hunt at Woodford, near headquarters. After a dull start to the day the weather cleared and spectators enjoyed a good day's racing in bright sunshine



Robin Gundry, his father, Major G. A. Gundry, joint-Master of the Beaufort, and Mr. R. J. Berkeley



Mrs. M. D. Butler with Brig. K. F. W. Dunn, presenting the Challenge Cup to Mrs. E. C. Studd



Mrs. Cryer holding Gemini, Mrs. Joy West and Mr. G. C. Cryer



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Brearley



Mrs. Gundry and Capt. B. R. W. Bell, M.F.H.

Miss Sarah Horsburgh and Miss Jane Gailey

P. C. Palmer



Mrs. Timothy Langley and her husband, the Berkeley kennel huntsman

WEDDING IN LUXEMBOURG

PRINCESS Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, who was married to Prince Ferdinand, son of Duke Maximilian of Hohenberg, is here seen leaving Luxembourg Cathedral with her husband after the ceremony



Priscilla in Paris

SPRING'S CENTURIONS



No! Not the first swallow, not the daffodils, not the fresh white linés on the tennis court, not the advance advertisement pages for "beach wear," not the gaily illustrated folders from travel agencies (here let me take breath), not the pale stemmed—so very pale this year—wild flowers in hedge and forest, and not even the first, timorous butterfly... BUT... yes, quite definitely, the old men in the Luxembourg Gardens!

They are the real harbingers of the Parisian spring! That morning I had found time to take the dog for its run to that oasis of verdure on the Left Bank. I had not been there since last November when the thrifty poor of the neighbourhood were gleaning their winter store of dead wood fallen from the secular trees of the Palace that Debrosse built for Marie de Médicis, and that now shelters the slow deliberations of ponderous senators.

THE sky was very blue and the sun shone but the leaves of the chestnut trees were still limp, the perambulator folk were still cocooned in woolies and the collar of my tweed, take-the-tyke-out coat was snugly tickling my ears. As it is said in this country: "The depth of the air was cold!" We turned into the broad walk that leads to the terrace overlooking the pond where the model ships (which can be hired) are sailed on half holidays and Sundays.

It was there, by the tennis courts, that I saw my first group of old cronies. There were many others, comfortably sheltered against the marionette theatre and by the wooden booth of the waffle merchant that always smells, a little, of hot iron and near-butter. Utterly absorbed in their game, two, three or four players were seated round an iron chair, of which the seat served as table, surrounded by

a crowd of rapt onlookers. Knowing little about card games I am not sure whether they play *écarté*, *belote* or *manille* but, whatever it is, the betting runs high, not in cash perhaps but in excitement. It must be excitement that keeps them warm, they appear with the first fine days and when they descend upon the Luxembourg one knows that spring is not far behind.

HATE though I do to scare prospective visitors, unless more care is shown by the owners of extraordinary pets, Paris will come to be known as "Jungle City." A few weeks ago a huge boa constrictor, on its way to work in a cosy suitcase, complete with hot water bottle, was stolen. That is to say: the suitcase was stolen from the car that was taking it to a rehearsal.

An alarm was sent out at once and the case was found next morning, open and empty, in a piece of waste land. This suggests that the thief must have had something of a shock. An SOS went over the air and, for many days, people walked warily in that part of the town. At long last the poor, wee worm was discovered, rather the worse for wear, by the city scavengers. It had taken refuge down a drain. One

wonders how it got there, for it was far away from the place where the suitcase was found. What an unpleasant thing it would have been to meet on a fine, moonlight night, looping its way down the Champs-Élysées!

Today it is a macaw that has escaped from its cage. The disconsolate owner vows that it is a sweet-natured creature and that it does not bite with its razor-edged beak. If a stick is offered it will perch quite happily upon it. One hopes it likes umbrellas, too. It appears that one must not be alarmed at its shrill, high-pitched laughter. Evidently a bird with a sense of humour; one would like to know what sort of stories to tell it. I regret that the famous bird fancier, William Robinglis, is not in Paris at the moment. He would probably know.

A DELIGHTFUL get-together took place at the Bibliothèque de l'Opéra one afternoon this week when old friends met to greet Mademoiselle Cléo de Mérode who danced at the Opéra when both she and this century were very young. Many of her lifelong admirers were present and, with rueful smiles, they had to admit that while they have become quite old gentlemen, she is still a beautiful woman. Dancing evidently prolongs looks and life. Today Mlle. Cléo de Mérode—this is her family as well as her stage name by the way—could still wear the tight-waisted frocks of the naughty nineties. Her soft, brown hair is as luxurious, if not quite the same colour, as when her dearest enemies copied her world famous coiffure, and her complexion is flawless either by the sunlight of a fine afternoon, or the searching rays of an awkwardly tilted lamp.

One of the reasons of this happy meeting was to hear the reading of a few pages of the *Mémoires* she has written. Amongst those present were: André de Fouquières, René Fauchois, André Rivollet, the comtesse Hallez, Mme. Nina Myral, Carlotta Zambelli, Lady Auriol Vaughan, Mme. Bonnier de la Chapelle and (need I add) Serge Lifar.

It was an altogether charming afternoon and gave all of us there the greatest pleasure. Such nostalgia for the gracious past—but its melancholy was lifted by the sight of Mlle. de Mérode as its very vital representative today. May she long continue to carry out this ambassadorial rôle.

Les belles et la betise



• When a woman speaks her mind freely to a man she is called honest. When a man does the same to a woman he is called a cad.



Tom Blau

VISCOUNT LASCELLES LEARNS HIS NOTES

THE ELDEST SON AND HEIR of the Earl of Harewood has a music lesson from his mother the Countess of Harewood. Lady Harewood was a concert pianist before her marriage to the Queen's first cousin. Both she and her husband do great work for the encouragement of music in this country and many rising musicians owe success to their patronage. This charming photograph was taken in the study at Harewood House



Lady Bocket and her daughter await their guests

Miss Lavinia Hugonin and Mr. John Stourton

Miss Richenda Gurney and Mr. C. Pratt



The Duke and Duchess of Bedford

LADY BROCKET GIVES A BALL

BEAUTIFUL Bocket Hall, near Welwyn in Herts, was the scene of one of the most glittering events of the season when Lord and Lady Bocket's daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, had her coming-out ball. Jennifer describes it on pages 411-2

Miss Anne Cobbold and Mr. Paul Nicolson





sitting in the library

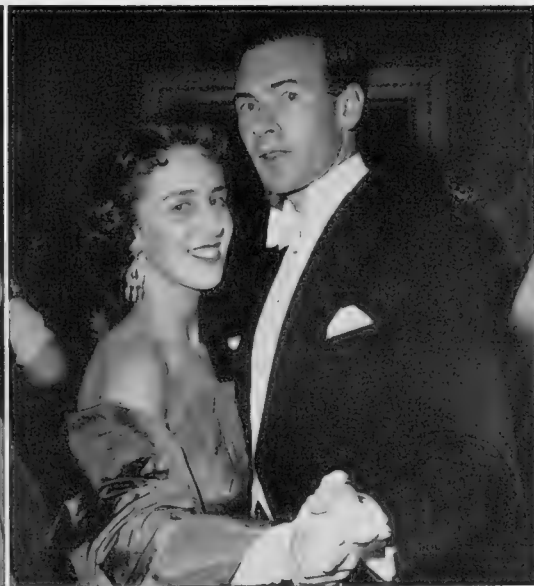
Miss Gay Lowson and Mr. Richard Rhys



Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot, Mr. D. Walker, Mr. T. Stanley and Miss P. Austin

Miss Susan Remnant with Mr. Hugh Peppiatt

Miss Fiona Myddleton and Mr. Simon Maxwell



A. V. Swaen
Miss Mary Theresa Powell and Mr. William Furnie



The Hon. Bridget Devereux and Mr. Roger Bramble



Mr. Peregrine Bertie and Miss Tessa Head

At the Theatre

NOW MURDER BY
REMOTE CONTROL

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



THE POWER OF AUTO-SUGGESTION. Maurice (Andrew Cruikshank) exercises hypnotic influence over his wife Janet (Flora Robson), a former manic-depressive, with a predilection for suicide, while Stella (Jenny Laird), his fanatically devoted sister, looks on with approval

A NEW thriller, *The House By The Lake* at the Duke of York's, owes considerably more to the actors than to the author. We get a display of quite first-rate naturalistic acting from Miss Flora Robson, Mr. Andrew Cruikshank and indeed from the company as a whole. Their material is only as good as they make it seem.

Mr. Hugh Mills, turning experimentally aside from his usual love of light comedy, cannot make up his mind exactly what he wants to do. Is he asking our sympathy for a set of people, each carrying a load of psychological mischief? He has in that case been too sparing of detail in his account of their inner motives. Or is the idea to thrill our nerves with the story of a murder carefully planned and coming excitingly to wreck on unforeseen happenings of the utmost triviality? In that case there is an excess of detail which has the effect of dissipating suspense.

The result of the author's indecision is the usual one. A certain kind of play turns uneasily into another kind of play. The hero of the first play is a mysterious figure. He is a distinguished psychiatrist now padding softly about in the ruins of his professional career.

HE is married to a manic-depressive whose cure was one of the triumphs of his Harley Street days. His relations with both his wife and his sister pique our curiosity. His sister is perfectly ready to aid and abet him in poisoning a half brother who precipitated his professional disgrace and is now threatening to do him further damage. Is this queer man holding both the women under a hypnotic spell? At any rate, he commands our intellectual respect while he plans down to the last detail what he hopes will be the perfect murder. He is evidently a formidable creature.

But when the swindling, share-pushing, wife-beater comes to dinner and swallows the fatal dose in his portion, the poisoner himself seems to become a quite different person. He has not allowed for the possibility that the servant might return early from the cinema or that his wife might not stay till the end of her party. These unexpected happenings throw him into a regular tizzy. We can no longer consider him the formidable person we had taken him for and we at once discard the suspicion that he has the two women under hypnotic control. He becomes pathetically at a loss. He bundles the body into the glass cupboard, and it is almost a miracle that it is not discovered as soon as the guest the wife has brought home accepts the offer of a drink.

BUT Mr. Cruikshank rises resourcefully to the sudden resourcelessness of the character and for the rest of the scene successfully solicits our sympathy for the cold-blooded killer. What could not have been foreseen by the most far-sighted planner is the presence in the house of a detective on a mission which has nothing to do with suspected murder. But the psychiatrist scatters so many clues that the investigator of cooked finances is soon on the track of the poisoner.

The author is obviously almost as much at a loss as his hero at this point, but Miss Sylvia Coleridge comes to his rescue with a brilliant little sketch of a hysterical wife who supposes that it is she who has killed her brute of a husband. And so the play keeps its hold on the audience until all is ready for Miss Robson's big scene in the last act. The wife knows too much. She must be silenced. And the hypnotist puts her into a trance and orders her to count sixty and then to shoot herself. It can easily be imagined what Miss Robson makes of this ordeal and with what anxiety the audience awaits the outcome. Mr. Alan Macnaughton and Miss Jenny Laird are both excellent in small but vital parts.



LAW AND ORDER is represented by Mr. Howard (Alan Macnaughton), a detective of few, well-chosen words and mysterious movements, and Colonel Forbes, the Chief Constable (Frank Royde), amiable, well meaning and somewhat at sea



TWENTY-YEAR MILESTONE

TERENCE RATTIGAN this year celebrates twenty years of brilliantly successful play writing, a progress marked more-over by increasing maturity and depth. *Separate Tables*, his latest brilliant and compassionate essay on the frailties of human nature, is opening in New York in the autumn with Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman in their original parts. The play, running at the St. James's to packed houses, has had nearly 700 performances to date

Karsh, Ottawa



GO SAILING ON A SHOESTRING

RICHARD GRAHAM describes the delights of a summer yachting holiday, which combines all the essential ingredients and can be enjoyed at relatively small cost



The Morna lying at anchor in her home port, Fowey

It is a fixed idea in the minds of many people that only the very rich can afford to own and sail a yacht. That they should themselves be able to set sail for France or to cruise round the British Isles for a few weeks during the summer would seem out of the question. Nevertheless, it is possible and relatively cheap to do. Yacht charter agents in this country can offer a wide variety of boats in virtually every cruising ground in Europe from Denmark to Majorca.

For instance, I know one London agent who can not only cover this range, but has more than one hundred and fifty craft on his books. Many of these, of course, are British, and a personal recommendation is a lovely 22-ton auxiliary ketch based on the Cornish port of Fowey.

A great advantage with this particular boat is that she is crewed by her owner-skipper and his wife. This relieves her passengers not only of much responsibility, but also from the necessity of possessing sailing experience—though this is an advantage, since, if a watch of two can be mustered from among them, the ketch can be taken out of home waters and across the Channel, spending her cruise in the Channel Isles and around the shores of Brittany, where she visits such places as Camaret, Concarneau, and L'Aberwrach; otherwise she cruises the south coasts of Devon and Cornwall, or goes to the Scilly Isles.

Accommodation consists of one large double cabin amidships, a fore-cabin with two cots, and a roomy saloon, in which there are a further two settee berths. Ideally, therefore, it would be perfect for a party of four, leaving the saloon free for daytime use only; but in fact, charter parties can and do consist of up to six people without undue overcrowding, and the agent has an arrangement by which any smaller number of people may take her and sell off any spare berths to individuals, and in this way accommodation for one or two people is frequently found to be available.

THE charter fee for the ketch varies from seventy-two to ninety guineas a week, according to season, and is fully inclusive—that is, of all food, fuel, harbour dues, insurance, and the services of her owner and his wife, who acts as mate and does all the ship's catering.

Instruction in seamanship and navigation is also available without extra charge and passengers are, in any case, encouraged to take an active part in the day-by-day running of the ketch. Thus with, say, a party of four on board, a fortnight's cruising would cost no more than forty-two guineas a head. This, it must be remembered, includes the cost of "going foreign," which to Brittany is not less than some £12 return.

With a full complement on board, and in the early part of the summer, a berth costs as little as twelve guineas a week, and I have no hesitation in recommending this as a most attractive holiday proposition; for while some charter boats are rather indifferently found and run, this is a most comfortable and seaworthy yacht, maintained in beautiful condition; food and accommodation are excellent, and her owners are charming hosts who really set out to please their guests.

Another husband-and-wife team run a smallish auxiliary ketch on the Atlantic coast of Brittany, basing their fortnightly voyages on the port of Vannes, opposite Belle Ile. Which means, of course, that one has to find one's way out there from this country, except on the last cruise of the season when the boat returns across the Channel with her passengers, of whom she carries four, at an inclusive charge of either twelve or thirteen guineas a week depending on season. Accommodation is not luxurious, but this would be a very pleasant holiday for young people keen on sailing, as a good deal of time and attention are devoted to instruction in navigation and elementary seamanship. Children under seventeen are not, however, accepted.

MANY Mediterranean yachts take paying guests on board, but a most unusual Odyssey is a six-month voyage which a new 37-ft. Yugoslavian sloop is making this summer. She leaves Trieste early in May and sails down the Adriatic, making calls on both the Dalmatian and the Italian coasts, and then crosses to the Greek islands on her way to Istanbul, returning via Rhodes and Crete to the Peloponnese before continuing round to Sicily and up the Italian and French Mediterranean coasts *en route* to her final port of destination, Marseilles. Three passengers are carried in addition to a crew of three, and it is possible to join the boat for a period of not less than one month, ports of embarkation and disembarkation being arranged at the time. The cost of three guineas a day is fully inclusive, even of drinks, "in reasonable quantity."

Many more yachts would offer for charter along the Dalmatian coast and in the Greek islands, were it not for the high cost of getting to them and, in the case of the latter, the disturbed political situation. Anticipating the attitude of the cruise-liner companies, the leading agent has declined to accept the responsibility of chartering in the Aegean, but at least one British owner still has a boat available there.

This is a 43-ton auxiliary schooner built on caique lines as recently as 1949. With her 16-ft. beam she is a roomy and comfortable craft which should provide ample accommodation for up to six passengers. A skipper and a cook-deckhand are included in the charter rate, which is £300 a month or £250 for longer periods, since it would hardly be worth travelling so far for a lesser time, though in general charter periods are



Michael Dunne

Sunshine, a brisk breeze, and Morna is bound for the open sea

a fortnight or longer. As is usual on straight charters, hirers are responsible for victualling themselves and their crew, and for the cost of fuel, water, and harbour charges, though insurance and crew's services are included in the charter rate.

A boat available for as short a time as a week is a 50-ft. auxiliary gaff ketch suitable for a party of four. Based on Cannes, she can be cruised all along the Côte d'Azur, from Monte Carlo to the delightful Îles d'Hyères, near Marseilles, or to Corsica and the islands off the Italian coast if time permits. Her very reasonable charter fee of £60 a week includes the services of her skipper and a cook. Many other similar boats are to be had in the South of France, and in Majorca there are at least two large ketches available for cruising in the Balearics.

There are also a large number of smaller yachts, mostly unattended, in Danish and Dutch waters, providing accommodation for from three to six people; and for the young and fairly hardy there are even some small craft for two which only cost between £8 and £10 a week, though this involves sleeping on Lilos in an open cockpit covered with a canvas tent. At the other end of the scale of comfort there is a very lovely Dutch lammerack—a sailing boat similar to our almost extinct Norfolk wherries—which cruises the canals and inland waterways of Holland. The wide, deep hull provides a degree of spaciousness rare on board most yachts and would be admirable for the older and less agile. The charter fee, which includes the services of her owner-skipper and a deck-hand, is from forty to fifty guineas a week for a party of six.

NEARER home again, there are many boats for Channel cruising. A large converted Brixham trawler—she was the last of these to be built at Brixham—is available for charter with a crew of three. She will accommodate up to eleven passengers, but for comfort not more than eight is recommended. Here again the arrangement is available by which a smaller party may take her and sell off the spare berths to individuals if they wish, so that the all-in cost does not exceed from £12 to £16 per head per week. This 85-ton vessel, with its large sail area, is able to cruise anywhere in the Channel, and her territory extends as a rule from Rotterdam to Belle Île, the voyages commencing at Ramsgate, Poole, or Weymouth.

Perhaps her size rather precludes any degree of real intimacy but she

would, I think, prove very suitable for younger people whose primary object is to learn something of the ways of sail. Offering similar opportunity is a 37-ft. auxiliary gaff sloop, formerly a Penzance fisherman, now based on Cowes. This is a sturdy and easily handled craft and its special attraction is that for those who lack practical experience in sail, a skilled instructor is available, and the boat can be berthed in any of the island harbours, Cowes, Yarmouth, Newtown, Wootton, or Bembridge, and taken out to sea daily under his supervision. Accommodation is fairly spartan, but for up to five people the charter rate varies from only £16 a week in early May to £24 at the height of the season, the services of the instructor—if and when required—costing an additional £3 10s. a day.

OF course, unattended yachts of all sizes and rigs are to be had in and around the Solent. Several of these are fast and comfortable Bermuda-rigged sloops, accommodating up to ten, but for most people this is an unwieldy number, inevitably resulting in overcrowding, catering difficulties, and strained tempers, and the smaller boat of from 10 to 20 tons is to be preferred. A 13-ton craft built at Cowes in 1948 to the designs of Uffa Fox accommodates five in comfort at a charter rate of £40 or £46 10s. per week, depending on season, or a somewhat slower 10-tonner of similar rig can be had for as little as £28 10s. with a maximum of £33 in high summer.

Two similar but rather more expensive boats are available based on Chichester, and smaller cutters or yawls, the smallest for only three people, may be had at rates that go down as low as £13 10s. a week out of season, though, of course, these are far too small to “go foreign” in. At the other end of the scale are yachts of ocean-going size, a 53-ton boat built on Brixham trawler lines being available with its crew of three for as little as £65 a week for up to eight people, and the entire handling of the boat can be undertaken without their participation if they so wish.

In general, however, charter parties for these other boats are required not only to furnish references as to their sailing ability, but to go down one week-end beforehand and prove it to the owner's satisfaction. It is a sensible arrangement, for the owner sees in advance what he is getting—and so do you.

Book Reviews

AN ODYSSEY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Elizabeth Bowen



F. J. Goodman

ARTHUR C. CLARKE, B.Sc., F.R.A.S., whose new book is "The Coast of Coral" (underwater photography along the Great Barrier Reef). He is now making an underwater film in Ceylon



MR. GONTRAN GOULDEN, T.D., A.R.I.B.A., newly elected President of the Architectural Association, which begins its 110th session on June 1

MR. COSMO CLARK, A.R.A., at work on his Academy picture of the London Rowing Club, which was painted for their centenary this year



"LADY ALEXANDRA JELICOE,"
a portrait head by Franta Belsky,
A.R.C.A., at the Royal Academy

LES GIRLS, by Constance Tomkinson (Michael Joseph, 15s.), is a simple story, fated to go a long way. The film rights have been already sold—"already" meaning before the book saw daylight. The story is simple first because it is true, also because it bubbles and trills from the writer's pen. It will go far because it tells what almost all of us want to know—how it feels to be one of a row of lovelies. The term "leg show" is never used by Miss Tomkinson; it belongs, no doubt, to *our* side of the footlights. It does, in the time-honoured, friendly sense, designate the kind of entertainment in which "Tommie" played a gay, industrious part.

Miss Tomkinson watched the rest of the girls in action, from the front, only on one occasion—losing her balance during a spin, she collapsed into the arms of the orchestra, and (unable to extricate herself till the curtain fell) watched the rest of the number through to its conclusion.

"I struggled to my knees for a better view of the chorus, my heart warmed to them; it was impossible to see them for long with a cold, calculating eye. They were my friends. 'Perhaps they aren't very good,' I whispered to the drummer, who did not understand English, 'but you've got to hand it to them. They're in there pitching—every inch of the way.' The heavy breathing and beads of perspiration were proof of that. Here and there a personality shone out: Pat, with her bright red hair, and Sally with her blonde curls had style. . . .

"Peering over the drummer's shoulder a patch of bare flesh caught my eye. It belonged to Angela, who, being chubby, could never quite zip her costume up the side. Angela was a lady, and with every gesture she was making that clear to the audience."

So was (is) Miss Tomkinson a lady: I don't mean she stresses this, but it shows. She is Canadian, and a minister's daughter. She had arrived in London with eclectic ideas of the legitimate stage, but for some time things did not work out that way. She disposes, right from the beginning, of the idea that only the path of sin and shame leads you to anywhere in show business. She obtained employment by applying for it: by this means she found herself, in the first place, one of sixteen Millerettes headed for Scandinavia, then one of Les

Girls at the Folies Bergère, then one of the twelve Bazil Beauties who, on the eve of war, took Europe by storm. A flash through the floor show in the ballroom of one of London's leading hotels was cut short by her making her original objective—the legitimate stage. At this point, I am sorry to say, we leave her. She is now (I learn from the book jacket) "anchored to a well-ordered life as the wife of a one-time Economic Planner."

YET a troupier's life, in its bizarre way, seems well-ordered. Absolute solidarity reigned among the girls, in the succession of cities in which they found themselves—cases of cattiness or sabotage were (at least in Miss Tomkinson's experience) unknown. Not all proved adamant to admirers; gifts lavishly showered on any one were generally pooled among all the rest—luxury furs could be borrowed, eatables were in common. "As a group, the girls were respectable—less from moral reasons than a fear that once on the skids you couldn't tell

where you might end. . . . Firmly in their minds was Mum's advice—'A girl's best friend is her virtue'."

The Millerettes did pretty well in Sweden, and had a high old time there, but funds ran low—six, of which our author was one, consequently decided to try Paris. The chancy journey was undertaken in full finery. "Carefully draped over Glynis's shoulders were two silver foxes (their jaws

viciously clamped together at the back of her neck), so huge that she had to walk with care to avoid tripping over their tails. Silver foxes do not look their best in mid-summer, particularly when worn with slacks. . . . This was the first appearance of these trophies." Paris, with practically nothing in the pocket, was a poser: the six split up into couples and went hunting. The storming of the Folies Bergère ended in victory only for Miss Tomkinson.

THE Folies Bergère chapter—the backstage view, the breakneck costume changes—may be considered one high point of *Les Girls*. Incorporation into the Bazil Beauties (ravishing individualists, a bit cool to new girls) takes us deeper still into comedy. For next, Italy. Rome was entered at the cost of dislocated traffic. "As we passed the Colosseum we had collected a Bugatti, a score of Lancias and



Illustration from "The Esquire
Cook Book" (Muller, 25s.)

Fiats and countless bicycles, and when we reached the entrance to the Mostra the guards and ticket collectors abandoned their posts and joined the procession. . . . Everywhere there were men, men, men. . . . To keep them all happy we went around *en masse* with two or three escorts to a single girl. . . . It needed a fleet of cars to move from one place to another, and on arrival we looked like a convention."

Miss Tomkinson didn't have her head turned. She is very modest and truly funny—not a page of *Les Girls* hangs fire, and much is charming. Only nasty readers, I feel, will be disappointed. David Knight's witty drawings have caught the spirit.

★ ★ ★

BY Ira Avey, *THE FIVE FATHERS OF PEPI* (Gollancz, 10s.6d.) is yet another sure-fire, sentimental tale set in sunniest Italy. It appears that there cannot be too many. Pepi is a five-year-old boy, a waif, who turns up one day in a small Ligurian seaport (summer resort also) and wins all hearts. The place is humming with cheese and peaches; there is at least one goat, and a kindly old priest. Pepi is adopted by a sort of committee—Giorgio, the bathing-hut owner, Jacopo, the cheesemaker, Carlo, the hotel porter, Benozzo, of the magnificent moustache, and Vittore, the thinker. This is why the book says he has five fathers; and in a way very touching it all is.

This is pre-eminently a book about simple souls: I can think of no better gift for a friend or aunt who complains that all novels in our day have nasty characters. The plot develops through an attempt to have little Pepi adopted, for his own good, by rich Americans. And, indeed, the ideal couple present themselves—but what happens next? I cannot claim to have been swept off my feet by *The Five Fathers Of Pepi*, but thousands of others may be: I cannot say.

IN *THE PRINCE AND PETRONELLA* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.) we have normally-serious novelist John Brophy in lighter vein. In fact, I think this should make a musical comedy—for the scene, though not Monte Carlo, is San Soucy—a tiny Mediterranean state notable largely for its casino, and ruled by a monarch called Prince Hugo.

The plot could hardly proceed more briskly. The prince is kidnapped by a lady bandit dwelling in a cave; murder (not of the prince) is planned, with rather engaging ingenuity, and Susanna, the respectable local English strip-tease artist, proposes to retire and live in Cheltenham. Cupid shoots darts, and plans go haywire. *The Prince And Petronella* does not perhaps quite come off as an airy nothing. However, it is not nonsense; Susanna's charming, and this might well be a book to read on a beach.

THE VIGOROUS and flourishing state of the British nobility in an age of crashing social institutions is a source of amazement to foreign observers, and in *The Story Of The Peerage* (William Blackwood, 25s.) Mr. L. G. Pine sets out to give an explanation of this phenomenon. He succeeds to the full.

In such a study the chief danger is always pedantry, but though he draws on an immense store of information, the author is above all else an enthusiast for his chosen subject and his book is highly readable. He handles with a deftness and confidence those complicated events and genealogies which might otherwise prove so confusing. Good signposting and the clear elucidation of key incidents are other necessities Mr. Pine always keeps in view.

The casual sidelights he throws in the course of his narrative are fascinating. How many realize that the premier barony of England is female, its possessor the Baroness de Ros? And how much constitutional trouble may not have been saved by the safe interment between the pages of history books of the Duke of Ireland.



At Witanhurst Lady Crosfield's beautiful house by Hampstead Heath, Yehudi Menuhin and Gina Bachauer recently gave a joint recital in aid of the National Playing Fields Association enjoyed by a large audience. Above: Mr. Yehudi, H.R.H. Princess Alice and Mme. Gina Bachauer



Dame Margot Arias (Margot Fonteyn) with Mme. Souza-Leao Gracie



Lady Crosfield talking to Gen. Sir Frederick Browning

Mrs. Paul Crosfield, H.E. Dr. Arias, and Senhora Jose Lampreia

Mr. John Carras and Mrs. Carras discuss the programme of music



Desmond O'Neill





SUNSHINE PRINTS

IN colourful and attractive prints for summer days are the dress (right), the dress and coat (left) and the suit (below) in a variation of design and price. The dress and coat comes from Fortnum and Mason—a wild silk branch print button-through dress with a high Princess line. The matching coat has a straight line coolie look. £50. From Brenner Sports comes the suit, a small leaf print in red and green on a white background—7 gns., from Marshall and Snelgrove. Hat by D. Carlton. The delightfully fresh red and white spotted dress in wild silk with white organza neckline is from Fortnum and Mason. Price £41

by

Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

Fashion Editress



John French



FROM

ALL the clothes on these two pages come from Hardy Amies Boutique, ready to wear and at medium prices. Left, a two-piece in smoky blue silk jersey, embroidered on chenille which gives the impression of a crinkly, quilted material. The waist and the sleeve bands are knitted. Opposite, a svelte jumper suit with lovely, long slim lines to wear for cocktail time. It is made in grey hand-crocheted nylon and silver ribbon

Below, left: also in smoky blue, a blouse in semi-transparent organza, attractive and useful for daytime or cocktails. Below, centre, a charming blue and white cardigan sweater embroidered with white flowers. A new and easy-to-wear variation of the classically plain cardigan. Below: an ash blue blouse in semi-transparent organza. A soft, drooping bow breaks the line of the collar and adds a feminine touch to an otherwise classic blouse. Both the organza blouses shown here are softly tailored

Michel Molinare



DAWN TO DUSK IN BLUE



The TATLER
and Bystander,
MAY 23, 1956
488



Michel Molinare



HATS AND



HATS are the most exciting and important feature of this season, together with beautifully styled furs for the spring and for summer evenings. Above, far left, a brimmed topper in crinkly white straw; the high crown tiered with narrow bands of black velvet, from John Boyd of Lowndes Street. Worn with it is a luxurious wide-sleeved white mink jacket by Deanfield Furs. Above, left, also from John Boyd, a feathery white straw pillbox hat with a dashing black goose quill. Worn with a magnificent dark ranch mink jacket with deep, wide sleeves. By Maxwell Croft. Left: From John Boyd a floppy gathered-brim green satin hat with a flat crown. Worn with a cuffed circular worked sleeved jacket in sapphire blue mink by the National Fur Co. This page: An abbreviated coolie hat in soft white feathers studded with diamante from Rose Bertain. Here it is worn with Molho's superb long, wide dark ranch mink stole

STYLED FURS TOP THE SEASON

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



John French



THIS trio by Matita is one of the best investments of the season, since it is suitable for travelling and for town and country wear. The dress and jacket (right) give the impression of being a softly tailored suit, a form that is very popular this year. They are made of light steel blue tweed. The jacket has wide rounded revers and deep envelope pockets. The dress without the jacket (above) has a square-necked jumper top and a straight skirt and is ideal for daytime in the summer or for a cocktail party. The threequarter-length coat on the opposite page has the new collarless line and is in darker blue tweed to tone with the dress and jacket. It would also be a useful coat to wear over a plain suit or a slim skirted dress. Price 46 gns. from Marshall and Snelgrove. Hats by D. Carlton

A GO-ANYWHERE SET OF THREE





Blue satin gloves in the grand manner with balloon sleeves. The quilted blue satin pochette is to go with them. The gloves cost £7 7s., and bag £5 5s. From Woollands

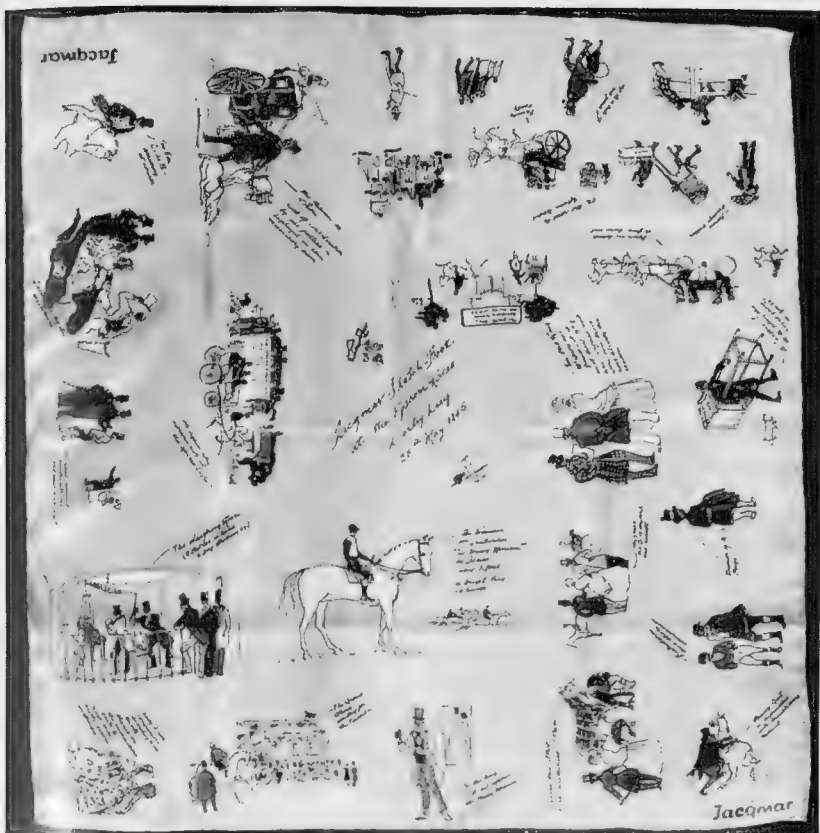
Going hand in hand with elegance

BEAUTIFUL gloves can add the touch of perfection to the grande toilette, and this season they appear in a wide range of colours and in exciting new designs. Stoles and scarves are also especially attractive this year —JEAN CLELAND

White grosgrain gloves with bead embroidery, price £6 6s. Obtainable at Woollands, Knightsbridge



These gloves in lime green satin have double cuffs of unusual design. Perfect as a contrast with black for either day or evening wear. They cost £5 5s. from Woollands



"Jacqmar's Sketch Book at the Derby," a colourful silk sporting scarf with gay pictures of Derby Day in 1845. Price £2 9s. 6d. from Jacqmar



Doris Zinkeisen designed this silk head square to commemorate the Tercentenary of the Grenadier Guards. It costs £5 5s. at Finnigans

An enchanting pink sari stole (below) banded with embroidered carnations, and light as a feather to wear. Price £15 15s. and it comes from Harrods



These velvet embroidered stole bands are a new and decorative idea for keeping a stole in place. They cost £1 15s. each and come from Woollands

An unusual piece of costume jewellery is this intricately worked filigree bracelet which comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, and which costs £1 9s.



Beauty

The radiant look

Jean Cleland

ENCHANTING month of May with sunshine and flowers, freshness and sparkle everywhere. The perfect time to go out in search of new hats, new suits and new dresses. What of new faces to go with them?

So many people find at this time of year that, just when they want to look "in tune" with this lovely season, their complexions let them down. There is an after-winter dinginess about the skin that is right out of the springtime picture. How to banish it and give it the look of radiance which goes with a May day?

First and foremost, I would say that the secret lies in *extra* cleansing. "But I always cleanse my face," you say. I'm sure you do; so do I, and so do most people who have any respect for the health and beauty of their skin. Whether we cleanse it sufficiently to rid it of the effects of winter fogs and smoke, is another matter. Without our knowing it, these tiny particles of dust and dirt collect and seep right into the skin. Hence the dingy look which is so unbecoming. To get rid of them means concentration on *deep* cleansing.

You can do this in a variety of ways according to the type of skin. By thorough shampooing with soap and a brush, to stimulate the circulation, and to drive the soap right in. With certain forms of lotion, or—in the case of an oily skin—with special "grains." Or with soft cleansing creams which are often the best choice for a dry skin.

A beauty expert who has gone into this question of deep cleansing very closely is Rose Laird, who has several excellent methods for individual complexions. For the normal skin, she advocates cleansing cream, to be

followed by Marigold Skin Juice, which tones and braces, and removes all traces of dirty cream from the pores. For the dry and sensitive skin (without blemishes) she advises using Solo Cream, which lubricates as well as cleanses, followed by a removing lotion called Ambrian.

For those who have an oily or blemished skin, Rose Laird has created a special "Liquid Lather," which, while actually soapless, has the effect of washing with soap and water. The way to use it is to moisten the skin with tepid water, then apply the "Liquid Lather" sparingly. Work it well into the complexion with a brush or sponge, and then rinse thoroughly. This is particularly recommended for all problem skins, or for young people who may be troubled with small blemishes such as spots or blackheads.

I am frequently asked what I think of steaming the face as a means of thorough cleansing. This is an excellent way, I would say, of drawing out all little fragments of dust and dirt, but I would add two provisos. First, that it should not be done too often, otherwise it may tend to relax the pores. Second, that it must always be followed by splashing with cold water, and patting with cotton wool soaked in tonic lotion, or—in the case of an oily skin—an astringent, to make sure that the pores are thoroughly closed.

Having got the skin pristine fresh and clean, the next thing is how to give it a look of springtime radiance. One of the best and quickest things I have found comes from Harriet Hubbard Ayer in the shape of a "Strawberry Treatment," which really does contain a base of fresh strawberries. Described as an excellent mask for all ages and all types of skin, this is specially recommended for those

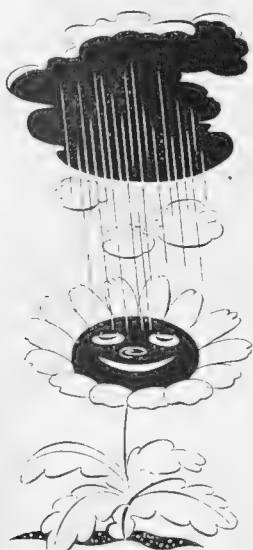


times when the complexion is looking a bit tired and dreary, and inclined to be sallow.

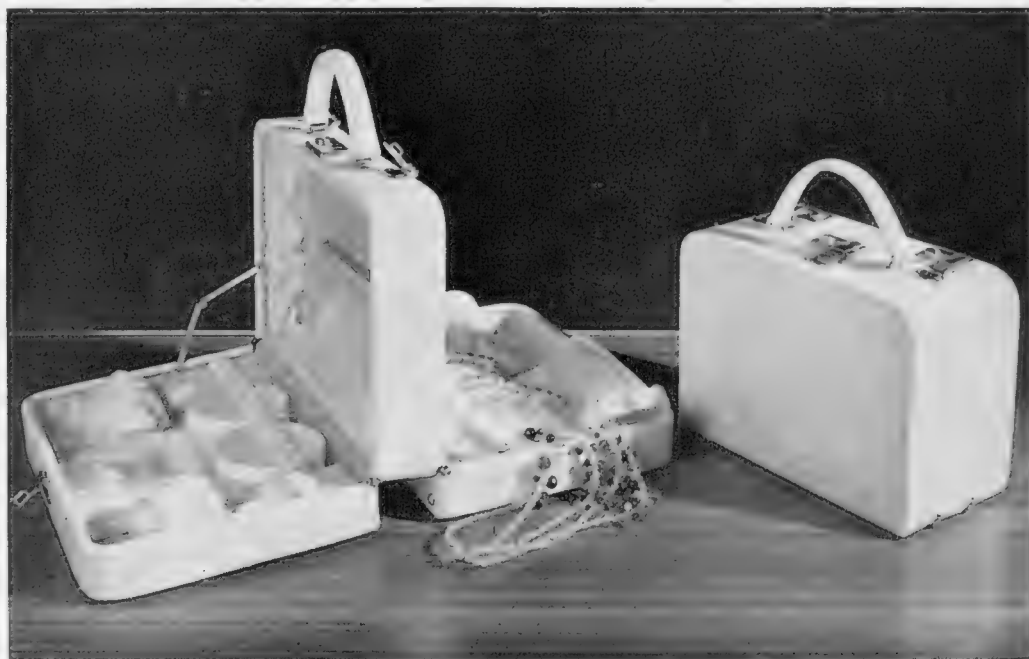
To apply the Strawberry Mask for the best effect, you spread it thickly all over the face and neck, but *not* round the eyes, and leave on for twenty minutes. During this time it is best to relax completely, so that the face is not strained or taut while the mask is doing its work.

If you can spare the time, the ideal thing is to lie back in a darkened room, with eye-pads soaked in eye lotion over the closed lids. When the twenty minutes are up, remove the Strawberry Cream with a tissue or clean face towel, and then gently wipe the face with cotton wool soaked in warm water. Finally, tone the skin by patting with cotton wool soaked in Strawberry Lotion, which has been designed to go with the mask. This completes the treatment and leaves the skin feeling and looking beautifully clean and fresh.

When it comes to your springtime make-up, remember that the powder should tone with your skin, while lipstick and rouge should be chosen to tone with whatever colour you are wearing. This may be either a dress or your coat, or some predominating colour close to your face, like a gay scarf or a bright hat.



A COMBINED beauty and jewel case, in Luxon. Large size £18 7s. 6d., smaller size £14 14s. From Marshall and Snelgrove



Dennis Smith

MINK WEEK

MAY 28 to JUNE 2

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'Lady into Mink'

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Lenare

Miss Wendy Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Bishop, of Stream Manor, Bordon, Hampshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Hamish Scott Renton, son of Mrs. Elspeth Renton, of Rose Tree Cottage, Great Hormead, Hertfordshire

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Diana Esther Salts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie T. Salts, of Gwrych Castle, N. Wales, and Richmond Hill, is to marry Mr. Thomas Swinburne-Harker, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Harker, of Astley, Colwyn Bay, Denbighshire



Bacon



Lenare

Miss Barbro Yvonne Rydbeck, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Rydbeck, of Rivermead Court, London, S.W.6, is to marry Mr. Paul Ruxton Potter, Coldstream Guards, of Ovington Mews, S.W.3, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Potter, of Southdowns Farm, Johannesburg



Vandk

Miss Wendy E. Shillington, elder daughter of Commodore and Mrs. C. A. R. Shillington, of Windover Lodge, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down, Ireland, is to marry Mr. Anthony Martyr, son of Lieut.-Col. J. B. E. Martyr, and Mrs. Martyr, of Princes Gate Mews, London, S.W.7



Lenare

Miss Phoebe Blanshard Pemberton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger B. Pemberton, of Grove Park, Yoxford, Suffolk, is engaged to Mr. Richard John Cooper Hill, son of Mr. K. A. Hill, and of Mrs. Hill, of Oaklands, Crowborough, Sussex



Yevonde

Miss Violet Loraine Robinson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Robinson, of Fanners, Wivelsfield Green, near Haywards Heath, Sussex, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. A. J. Ray Whiteway, of Addison Road, Kensington, London

THEY WERE MARRIED



Reeves—Senior. The wedding took place at Wadhurst Parish Church, Sussex, recently, of Mr. Frederick John Reeves, the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. R. Reeves, of The Gravel Pit, Ticehurst, Sussex, and Miss Vera Senior, the daughter of Mr. E. W. Senior and Mrs. Senior, of Beech Oast Grange, Wadhurst



Garrod—Redler. Mr. Kenneth Gordon Garrod, the younger son of Capt. and Mrs. F. A. C. Garrod, of Herne Hill, London, S.E.24, was recently married to Miss Joyce Helen Redler, the elder daughter of Mrs. M. B. Redler and the late Mr. S. Redler, of Camps Bay, Cape Town, South Africa, in Cape Town



Le Fanu—Hall. Major George Victor Sheridan Le Fanu, Coldstream Guards, son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. R. Le Fanu, of Eden Valley House, Freuchie, Fife, Scotland, was married to Miss Elizabeth Hall, daughter of the late Major H. C. Hall and of Mrs. Hall, of Alderney, Channel Islands, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



Fraser—Burnier. Mr. Peter Fraser, only son of Sir Francis and Lady Fraser, of Melina Court, Grove End Road, London, married Miss Ann Jennifer Burnier, younger daughter of the late Dr. E. E. L. Burnier, of Lausanne, and Mrs. A. A. Dams, of Dadford, Buckinghamshire, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, S.W.1



Norman—Fogg-Elliott. Mr. Nigel Desmond Norman, son of the late Air/Cdre. Sir Nigel Norman and of Lady Perkins, of Rookwoods Farm, Oakridge, Glos, married Miss Barbara Anne Fogg-Elliott, daughter of the late Capt. M. Fogg-Elliott and of Mrs. Fogg-Elliott, of Firle Cottage, near Maidstone, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.



Pollock—Roper. The wedding took place recently of Mr. Robert Buchanan Pollock, son of the late Mr. William Pollock and of Mrs. Pollock, of Paisley, and Miss Kathleen Isobel Roper, daughter of Sir Harold Roper, M.P., and Lady Roper, of Gorse Hill, Torquay, at St. Matthias's Church, Torquay, Devon

Scott Galloway

Motoring

THE BREAK-THROUGH

MONACO's present renown may have been founded upon other things than motor racing; but the Monaco Grand Prix must be looked upon as the starting point of the season of major international races. It should be our aim this year to avoid being too seriously cast down or too greatly elated by the failures and successes of the Vanwalls, the Connaughts and the B.R.M.s.

For the fact that has been established beyond reasonable doubt is that these cars are in the same performance category as the best Grand Prix machines. They may have their shortcomings but those shortcomings are not fundamental. In other words British racing cars are for the first time in the top flight. We shall all have pleasure and pride in watching their performances. Towards the end of the season, by the way, there may be a United States Grand Prix. It would be the first run there for a great many years—certainly since well before the war. If it is held, British cars, with a season's development behind them, might be in a strong position.

Meanwhile, all motor sport enthusiasts will offer their congratulations and thanks to such men as Mr. Vandervell, Mr. Owen and, of course, the gallant Connaught sponsors. Their patience and persistence deserve the highest commendation.

Now for a glance back to the B.B.C. programme which featured a circuit of the Silverstone track on television. Mike Hawthorn drove a Jaguar fitted with a camera whose lens "looked over" his shoulder at the track ahead, and with some form of microphone which permitted him to give a running commentary.

It was a thrilling television sequence and it did really take the viewer into the cockpit of the car as it moved up to the 130s on the straight and drifted the corners in Hawthorn's capable hands. Hawthorn's commentary, just audible above engine noise and wind roar, was perfect, for it concentrated upon what he was actually doing—when he was braking, when putting his foot hard down, what the engine revs were and so on. I hope that the B.B.C. will show this sequence again, for I know that all enthusiasts of motor sport will enjoy it.

Another television feature for motorists was the joint television appearance of officials of the A.A. and the R.A.C. to put the motorist's view about traffic congestion and the methods of dealing with it. Such appearances are hazardous; for the wretched speaker is often being hustled off the scene just when he is coming to his main point. In this case, however, the main points were put over and were impressive.

At least two of the suggestions could be implemented "tomorrow"—as a speaker put it—without difficulty, and both would ease congestion. Meanwhile we witness long-drawn-out road repairs at points where such repairs could easily be postponed for a year or two. And of course we see everywhere evidence of an almost motherly interest in the well-being of paving stones. A paving stone which shows the slightest signs of wear must be lifted and the carriageway for miles must be disorganized in order to lay a new one. There must be some explanation for this paving-stone fixation of the authorities; but so far I have not seen it given.

"SUBSTANTIAL reductions in the prices"—this surely is what we all like to read—"of the Ford de luxe Anglia and Prefect have been announced in Belgium. This has been achieved through the co-operation of the Belgian Ford dealers. The new prices put these models in a particularly strong competitive position in Belgium." It is by such means that the industry will maintain its hold on these important markets.

We have had a surfeit of advice upon how to maintain our position in the markets overseas. Generally the view has been expressed that British cars ought to be changed in imitation of American or of Continental models. Though I feel there are some points where improvement is desirable—independent rear suspension and higher geared steering for example—I doubt whether wholesale changes would be sound policy. Foreign buyers look to the British car as a somewhat conservative product. They might be troubled by sudden revolutionary alterations.

So it remains that the way to sell the cars is to watch the price ranges and to do everything possible to keep prices down. In fact, the oldest and simplest method of encouraging custom applies to motor cars for sale abroad as much as to anything else.

—Oliver Stewart

The Veteran Car Club of Great Britain recently held its first rally of the season at Woburn Abbey, home of the Duke of Bedford. Over a hundred drivers of vintage cars, and many thousand spectators, attended it. Above: The Duchess of Bedford presenting a plaque to Sir Thomas Salt, who came in his 1906 Rover



Mr. F. S. Bennett (above) demonstrating the finer points of his 1903 Cadillac to the Duke of Bedford. Below: Mrs. D. Greig and Mrs. W. A. L. Cook sitting in Mr. Cook's 1908 Mercedes



A. V. Swaenhe

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DINING IN

A royal roast

IT is pleasant to be able to walk into Harrods Continental Boucherie and look at the different cuts of meat displayed. There you will find every French cut of meat and some which are American. Every country seems to have its own particular ones.

I think that the crown roast of lamb originated in the United States. It could be, of course, that France invented it but, somehow, I think not. It is so un-French to "play" with meat in this manner.

Recently, for a festive occasion, I ordered a crown of lamb. This is formed from the best end of the neck and, for a dinner party of up to six, two best ends, comprising seven neck chops each, are ample. My "crown" was of three best ends of neck or twenty-one chops. Harrods have an expert butcher whose job it is to prepare dishes such as this. Here, however, is how we used to do it, when local butchers did not know exactly what it was.

TEAR off the top skin from the meat. Chine the best ends—that is, saw through the spine bone, closely following it so as not to lose any of the meat, and cut it off, leaving just the rib bones. Chop about 1½ in. off the rib bone ends. Sew the strips of chops together, join them into a circle and sew the other ends. So that the "crown" will form easily, it is necessary to make the shallowest shortest nicks between each of the chops on the outer side of the ring. Next, with a sharp knife trim off the meat for about 2 in. down from the top end of each shortened rib bone, making sure that the bones are thoroughly stripped.

This meat and fat, together with that scraped from the other bones, are then packed into the centre of the "crown" so that a firm foundation is provided to keep it (the "crown") in shape. But I like to use only the lean meat, half filling the centre, then pack forcemeat into the remainder of the space. The fat itself, chopped and baked with the meat, is a very useful by-product for frying fish. And the bones make a very good stock for vegetable-barley broth.

To proceed, however, with the crown of lamb: To protect the rib bone ends during the cooking, impale a piece of raw potato on each, or wrap and tie thin strips of lamb fat round them. (All this is not nearly so complicated as it sounds but, in any case, you can order one from Harrods and have it sent to you by post, should you ever wish to serve a most spectacular crown roast of lamb).

HERE is the forcemeat filling I used for the "crown": I simmered a chopped small onion and a chopped small clove of garlic with 2 chopped rashers of streaky bacon, then I added a breakfastcup of bread-crumbs and stirred them over a low heat until toasted to a creamy tone. Next, I added 3 to 4 quartered stoned prunes, a chopped small apple, the grated rind of ½ lemon, a chopped small sprig of thyme, a tablespoon of finely chopped parsley and a beaten egg to bind the mixture. This was seasoned well with freshly milled pepper and salt.

Turn this forcemeat on top of the foundation of meat in the centre of the "crown." Place in a roasting tin, brush all over with melted butter or lamb fat, then bake in a slowish oven (325 deg. F. or gas No. 2 to 3), allowing 30 to 35 minutes per pound. Finally remove the pieces of potato or strips of fat from the rib bones and replace with outlet frills.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Whisky galore!

WHEN one thinks of Paris the names of many restaurants and hotels come to one's mind, such as the George Cinq, the Crillon, or Maxims, and one remembers their *maitres d'hotel*, their bars, and their very expert barmen. It was therefore a great occasion to find myself lunching in a private room in the cellars of L'Ecu de France in Jermyn Street with five master barmen from Paris, the party consisting of Serge Boniface of the Caviarteria; Maurice Lagoguee of the Hotel George Cinq; Marcel Pace of the Hotel Crillon; Paul Ribrioux of the Relais Plaza, and Raymond Ribes of Maxims.

It transpired that they had come over from Paris as guests of the directors of John Haig to see something for themselves of the Scotch whisky industry. They had spent three nights in Edinburgh visiting various distilleries, including Haig's at Markinch, and the Drumbuie distillery. After this they spent a night in York and returned to London in the two cars which they had brought over from Paris, driven by George Fitt and André Bloch, representatives of Pierre Riviere et Cie. who distribute Haig in France.

I got a great deal of amusement out of the lunch which was of outstanding quality and was directed in person by M. Lehrian. Here is the menu: *Crème d'Asperges* (served out of a huge earthenware bowl), *Filet de Sole frit*, *Sauce Tartare*, *Selle d'Agneau Rotie*, *Pomme Croquettes*, *Haricot Vert frais*, *Soufflé John Haig*, *Fromage*, *Café*.

Apart from the food some excellent wines were provided. Our French guests, however, out of immense loyalty to their hosts, on being offered the first wine unanimously called for whisky; on the second wine being offered, they again called for whisky; in fact, they drank whisky throughout the meal, and all my efforts to explain that the directors of John Haig who were present would take no offence if they enjoyed some wine as well, were of no avail, so the wine drinking was left to me, which was a great pleasure and caused the wine waiter much mirth.

REMEMBERING some of the other beverages which have become inexplicably popular in France in recent years, it was pleasant to be told that the sale of Scotch whisky in Paris is ever on the increase.

Marcel Pace of the Hotel Crillon presented me with a book which he had compiled called *Nos Meilleures Boissons*—"Selected Drinks," which is filled with a mass of information concerning drinks of every sort and kind, including, of course, cocktails, of which he writes: "Among the thousands of existing cocktails, I have chosen to present you the best known, those whose fame has passed all frontiers. A cocktail made with good products will never be a deception: this is half the secret of all great barmen." I heartily agree with him. Many of the cocktails palmed off on an unsuspecting public in some establishments, especially at big functions, are a disgrace; their alcoholic content is almost nil and their price exorbitant. Several pages are also devoted to the different wines of France contributed by many famous *vignerons*. Most of the book is written in both French and English.

—I. Bickerstaff



MONSIEUR LEHRIAN, who manages L'Ecu de France in Jermyn Street, serves *Crème d'Asperges* in a mighty bowl to Mr. H. W. Roberts of the U.K. Bar Tenders' Guild, and Raymond Ribes, who is chief barman of Maxims in Paris

Colliers



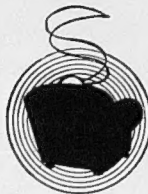
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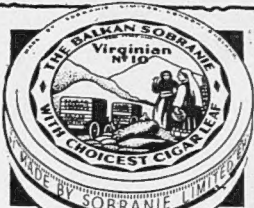
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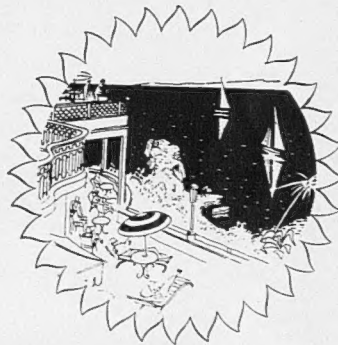


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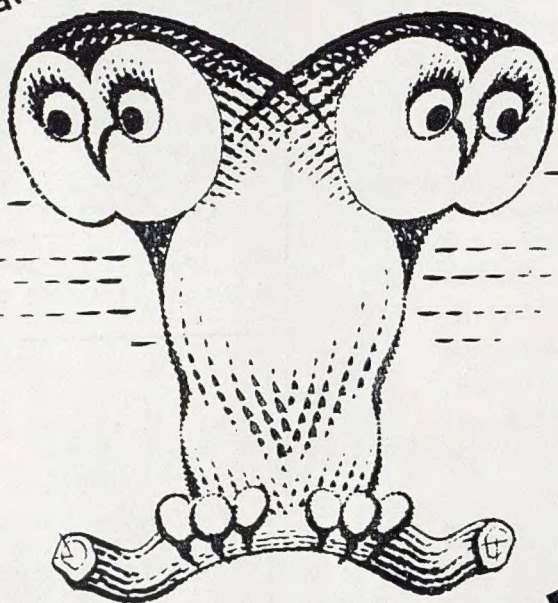
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that's I.C.A.!



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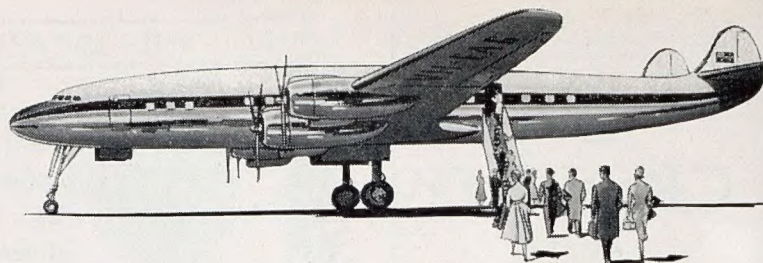
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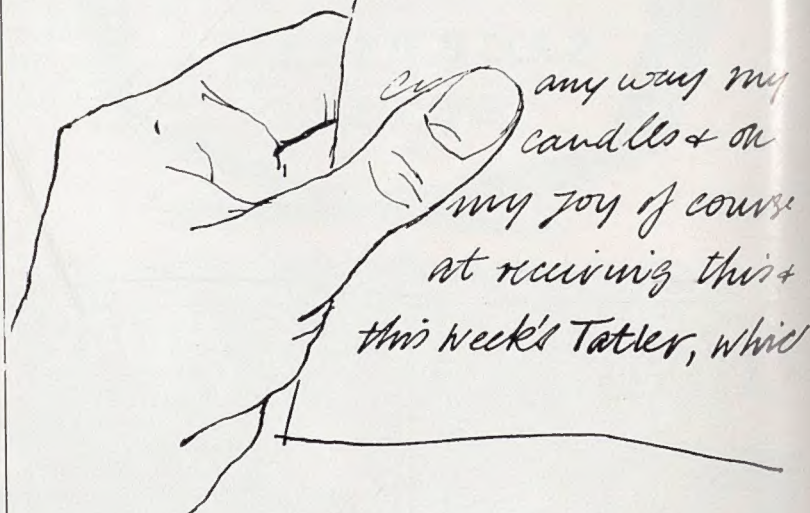
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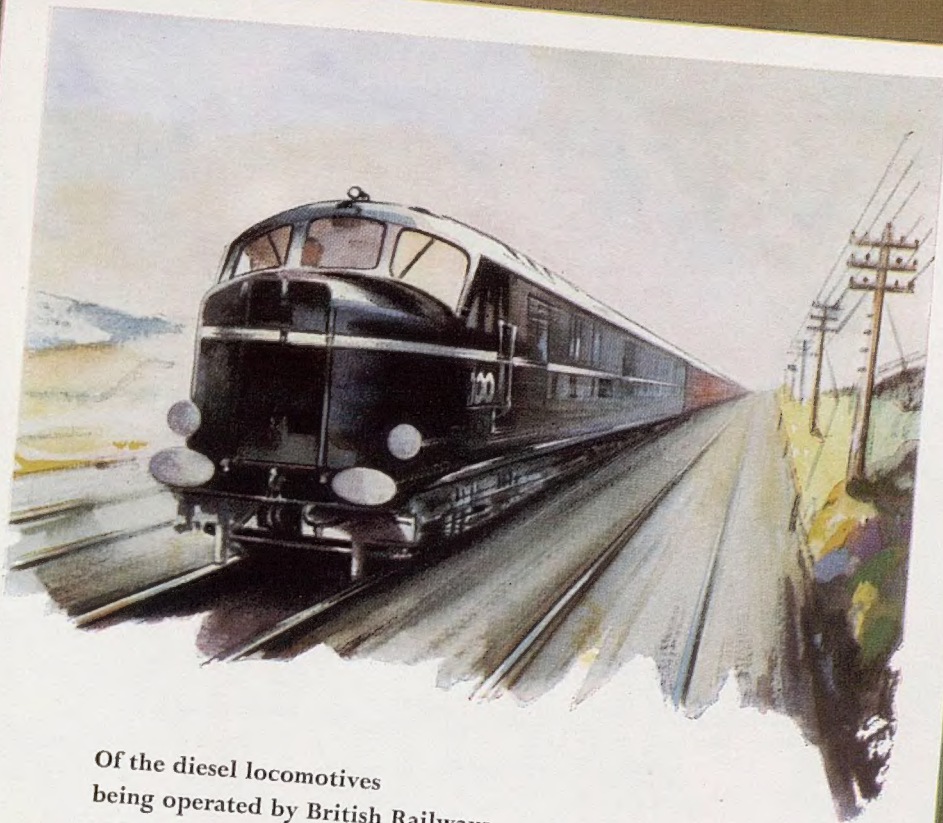
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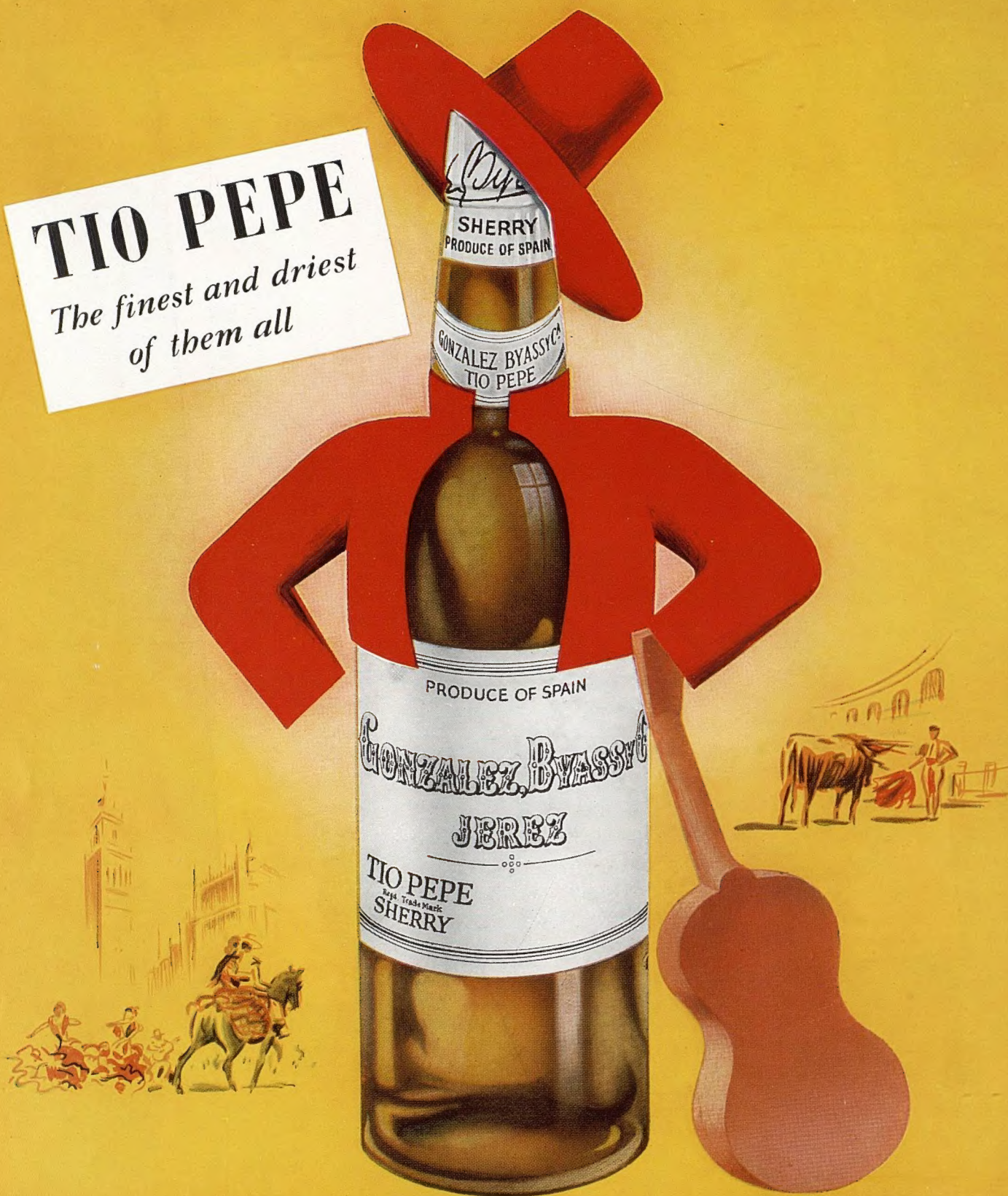
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